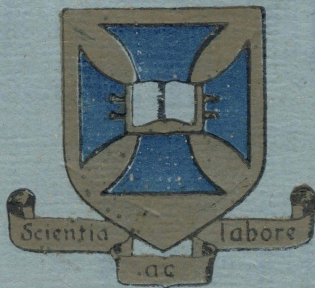


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AUGUST, 1922.

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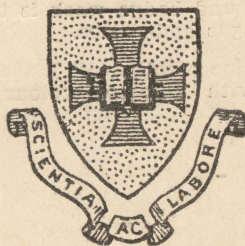
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AUGUST, 1922.

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Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—Hor., A.P. 334.

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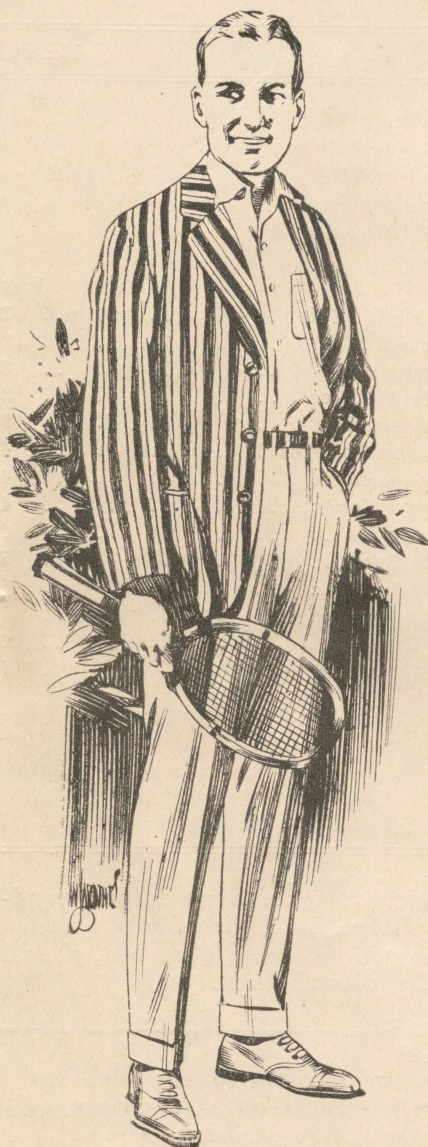
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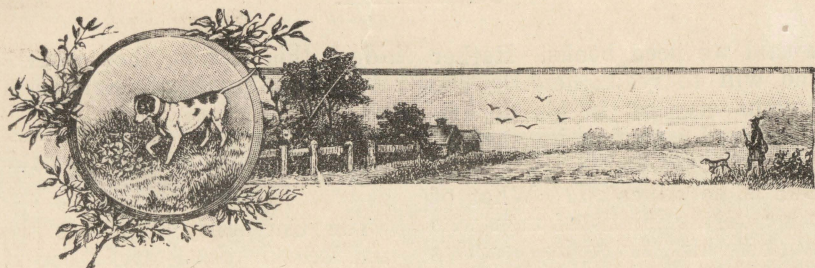
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Editorial.

The historians have it that on a time George I. despatched soldiers to Oxford and a library to Cambridge. And Dr. Trapp put it:—

“The King observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment, for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To the other he sent books, as well discern-
ing.
How much that loyal body wanted learning.”

Whereat Sir Wm. Browne arose with “To Dr. Trapp,” thus:—

“The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care, to Cambridge books he
sent.
For Whigs allow no force but argument.”

We await a Browne to rise and slay us in the next issue of this journal. Meanwhile we submit that our own University needs both the regiment and the books. The regiment surely and soon, if regiments can inspire into us loyalty, not to our king, but to our own institution. For that loyalty is lacking. Manifestations of its absence are everywhere—ill support given to Musical and Dramatic Societies, meagre attendance at meetings and debates; apathy towards its journal, “Galmahra.” These things must be remedied if we are to progress. There is none so soulless as to fail to derive good from the pain or pleasure dispensed by our musicians. Nor is there any, surely, so strong in the faith of his own omniscience as to be able to neglect the opinions of his fellow men in debate.

No! there are none such. But there are very many governed by a great laziness, a desire to avoid all mental effort not immediately bearing on their own particular course. This intellectual parochialism is truly an appalling matter—made worse by the fact that among us it has taken deep root indeed. What time the Arts student should be learning something about science and vice versa, the quarrel rages regarding the relative merits of the courses. Mention “angle iron” to the engineer and he gives you a treatise on bridge construction; quote Keats and he moves away. Pick up a classic under the eyes of an Arts man, and he conjugates you “rego”; mention Newton and he yawns. There is no Arts man, surely, who can afford to despise the natural laws that govern his existence; no engineer who can heap contumely on the men who made his language. The heart-breaking thing is, most imagine they can. Reynolds has told us “The great business of study is to form a mind* adapted and adequate to all occasions.” This may be an ideal incapable of realisation, but it is our duty at least to endeavour to approach it. And at present we are not doing that. “Everybody in England is educated; only most people are educated wrong,” says Chesterton. Surely he meant Queensland. The person who suggested that Arts students should spend the long vac. in workshops, Engineers in reading the poets, has not been guilty of the extravagant insanity his remark is generally held to be.

We have said we need books. Rather we need the will to read them. The Geology student may sit in his department's library and consume its shelves, and his knowledge of the earth's crust is vast. But is he educated? What of his knowledge of the minds of men who have inhabited his favourite earth's crust? Let him temper his Petrology with Shelley, before he claims to be educated. And the Arts man, too, let him press close to the Eclogues, Elementary Physics as he carries them home under his arm.

We have decried the parochialism that pervades the place. We believe it owes its conception to the fact that learning is no longer pursued for learning's sake. A degree is regarded merely as an easy road to £8.d. Real life shows it is not, but that is another matter. The aim of the average student is to graduate with the least possible output of mental energy, with the least possible knowledge of his subject. What time he should give to his books, he passes complaining of the number he has to read, and devising schemes whereby he may avoid reading them. And if his own chosen subjects

induce this in him, then what chance of others holding him. Seldom a case of one.

"Wearing all that weight
Of learning like a flower."

The University furnishes the intellectual salt of the State, "but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted"? The student must wake from his lethargy. He must realise that his function at the University is something more than merely to yawn through lectures. If he cannot interest himself keenly in the learning and the activities of the institution and do his utmost to derive the maximum benefits therefrom, then he is not likely to be of great service to the larger community in later life, and he has no business at the University. After all the State provides him with a University only that he may become fitted to render service to the State. And the time is surely coming when University graduates must govern largely the activities of the State; it is the students' duty so to act now, that he may be worthy to play the part expected of him.



Glimpses of the Granite Belt.

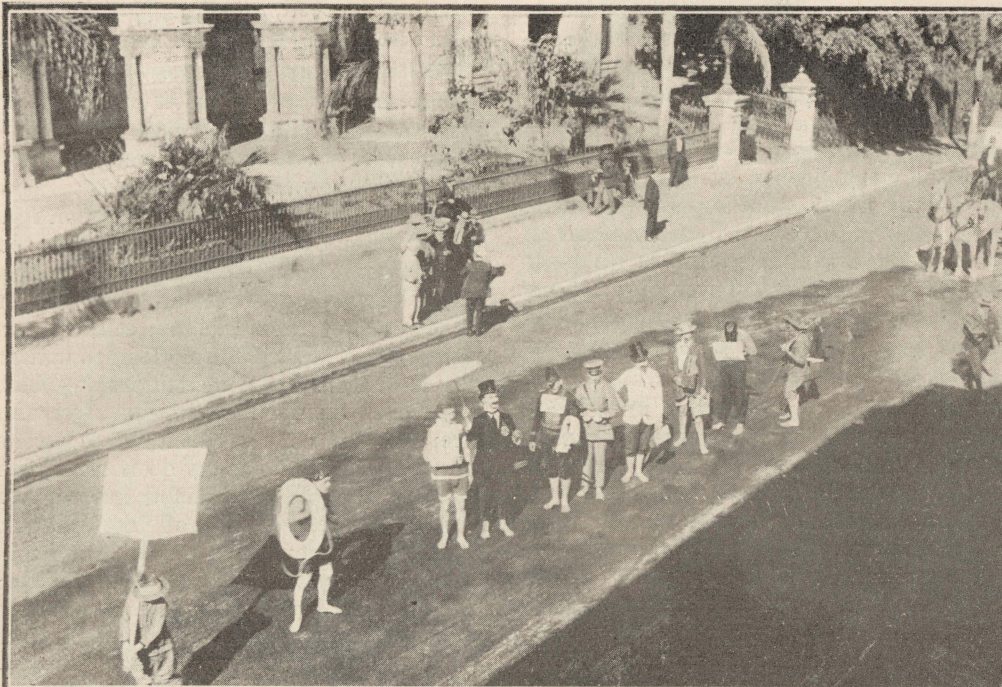
II.

The life of an orchardist in the Granite Belt is no soft snap—as the phrase goes. The picking season is indeed a hectic time. The picking of stone-fruit is such a critical thing that you are often limited as to your plucking time by hours: if you don't pick to-day it will be too late to-morrow. When city folk are lolling about the verandah on Christmas afternoon generating a liver, it may be that the orchardist is feverishly picking his Wiggins peaches; because, if left till Boxing Day, they would not carry to market. And on Boxing Day, when citizens are junketing down the Bay, he is making cases for his nectarines—which must catch the morning train or go to the pigs. Apples and grapes let him down

more lightly: if he doesn't pack them to-day they will do next week. But time, tide and stone-fruit wait for no man: no, nor woman either.

So even a city dweller understands that during the picking season the fruit-grower works at high pressure night and day—picking, packing, making cases, carting fruit to the siding—snatching a reluctant hour to fetch in a load of wood to his jam-making wife—snatching a half-day to run the scuffler over the weeds which will seed and beat him if not dealt with—hoeing and gathering his vegetables which, unhappily, synchronise with his fruit—spraying whole days together for woolly aphis, black aphis, codlin moth, scale, black spot, downy mildew, curly-

COMMEM. SNAPSHOTS.



The Procession passing Parliament House



A "take-off" on the Royal Marriage

leaf, and all those sucking and fungous pests whose name is legion. Things reach that stage between December and March, when it is a boon if the orchardist has a child old enough to fetch up the horses and "run a message" from the packing shed to the house. If he has a family of capable pickers and packers it is another matter. And if he has the means to employ labour it is another matter still; though such is the cost of employment in these bad days that it swallows up most of the orchard profits. To employ labour is the privilege of the man to whom fruit-growing is a hobby rather than a means of sustenance.

I say it is pretty common knowledge amongst laymen that the orchardist works like mad in the season. It is less well known that in the off-season (strange euphemism!) he is, if a less feverishly busy man, yet a man who is steadily busy. Between cleaning up after the season (a long and painful process) and winter cultivation, and winter spraying and pruning (an incredibly long and interesting job), and effecting those necessary improvements of his house and orchard which he could not think of during the season—and clearing and breaking up a little new ground (if he is a man of enterprise)—between all these long and multitudinous tasks autumn and winter and spring have come and gone before he has time to say "lime-and-sulphur." Personally I intend always to take a short holiday in the winter. It makes for efficiency. But I know that I shall never do so without spurting to make up for it.

If I worked as hard in the city as I do on an orchard I should want a thousand a year. But I don't get that. And I don't reckon to get it—though I do reckon to get, over an average of years, a living. And I reckon it with the more assurance since the co-operative idea has been dropped into the Granite Belt mind. It is true it is a divided mind. There are old conservative growers who have made "good money" as individual suppliers, and will not risk a change by throwing in their lot with the community of producers. There are other well-established growers who, with consummate unfairness, say they

will see how the scheme gets on—the implication being that they will risk nothing to help it succeed, but that, if it does, they will come in and share the benefits. There are other conservative growers who will do nothing for co-operation purely on the principle that they have never done it before. May woolly aphid gnarl their apples, and black aphid cover their peaches as the waters cover the sea, and green aphid devour their cabbage, and may their seed beds be accursed: may hail from the Lord knock their stone-fruit, and may downy mildew blight their grapes: and if, after all, they do get a miserable load to market, may it be dumped, well and truly—Selah! The cocky farmer is a conservative creature, but for conservatism in its essence commend me to the cocky orchardist. Then there is the old-established grower who made his pile, not out of fruit, but out of buying huge tracts of land at half-a-crown an acre, cutting up, and selling at twenty pounds, unimproved. He has much to answer for, for he it is who has fathered the fable that fruit growing is a game that coins money whilst you sit back—and so has lured on romantic voluptuaries to their ruin. And, again, there is the grower whose crop goes in private orders (more power to him!) and who, with more excuse, will not pool his harvest in a co-operative scheme because it might mean a temporary reduction in income. He it is who has solved the great problem of distribution for himself—taking it out of the hands of the proprietary agent who, heretofore, has paid him the ruling market rate and distributed to the country at an enhanced price. I blame this grower less because he has the initiative to go to the root of the matter and take his fruit to the door of the consumer. None the less, I beg leave to tell him that he is blinded by immediate gain, and that ultimately he would be in a more prosperous and powerful position as a cog in the co-operative machine. The motives which keep growers out of the co-operative movement are innumerable, complex, and inscrutable. But I think they are being dissipated, and that the movement will grow and ultimately prevail. The most cursed orchardist is gradually having his reluctant gaze di-

rected to the virtues of co-operation in Mildura, California, and Tasmania. Once his gaze is twisted that way, be he never so cussed, he cannot well close his eyes to the paradise he sees. But I would, with all my heart, some improvement could be introduced into the co-operative machine to provide that the grower who hangs back, risking nothing, until co-operative success is assured, could be forever excluded from its benefits and be left howling in outer darkness.

This is a digression, but a tempting one. I repeat that, bad seasons thrown in and the average taken over a term of years, there will be a living in fruitgrowing here—not a fortune, but a comfortable living; and that co-operation will be the measure of that comfort.

But let us quit the profit-and-loss of this calling, though let us never forget it if we are to continue to enjoy the beauty and the romance of it. There is no romance if you can't get enough to eat. Never let it be said that the story of our past at Stanthorpe dissuaded a potential grower from immigrating here. He is safe to do so because the future is safe. I would rather say: Let him come quickly—before land gets too dear; for the prospect is so good that I foresee the price of land rising. Let him not be deterred because he has never grown fruit before. It doesn't matter if he knows nothing of agriculture. Even if he must learn to distinguish a peach from an apple tree, even if he knows not the parts of a plough, let him take courage. There is valour in ignorance. But there is no valour in it without open mindedness, teachability and general intelligence—and, above all, without industry. It is a good rule that: 'Don't say "No" to your neighbour when he offers you advice.' But, as you value your trees, don't fail to ponder it and compare it and select from it. There are almost as many theories in an orchard district as there are old growers, and, in the present stage of Granite Belt development, there is a curious dogmatism amongst the old

hands, and a curious inability to tell you the reasons for courses of procedure they recommend. But, happily, the old dogmatic growers are being replaced rapidly by the young, educated, intelligent, enterprising, tentative men who have often deserted a city profession to grow fruit—who are keen on the application of science to industry—who read and assimilate all the very excellent "literature" there is on fruit culture, and are evolving out of their initial errors and experiments a one best method of growing fruit. Doctors, parsons, lawyers, scientists, University lecturers, engineers, builders, merchants—they are all here, scores of them—having learnt wisdom and fled from the press. In an hour's drive from my orchard I can visit that of a man who has been in one or other of these callings. And though none of them ever worked so hard before in his life, he would not go back. What is it makes the charm of these uplands, that draws men here, keeps them here, and, when they do backslide, draws them here again? I suppose it's vigorous healthfulness, as much as anything, and all that that connotes in cheerfulness, contentment, and simple happiness. Men come up here from the relaxing coast, where they were never fit for a day's physical work, and get insatiable energy. You can't hold them. They go to the coast for a winter holiday and find even the coastal winter oppressive. They return here with a sense of emancipation. It is quite true to say that here you have the unwonted sensation of being continually stimulated by the air. It is a great treat, this sense of constant exhilaration; but it is a great fact. Even the heat of midsummer is not oppressive—it is so dry. Anywhere in the midsummer shade is cool, partly because, on this plateau thrust into the heavens, you get every wind that stirs in the upper air, partly because in the heat there is no humidity.

—Hector Dinning.

(To be concluded).



The Heirloom.

A True Story.

A tennis party, a dance following it, and a thunderstorm are in themselves things of little moment; but if the people who had been playing tennis at Benton's one July afternoon had not remained to dance, or if that fateful storm had never come up, or rather, come down, two people would have lived happily for ever afterwards, and this story would never have been written.

The Benton family—father, mother, son and two daughters—were noted for their hospitality, and scarcely a week-end passed but what their comfortable old home, some fifteen miles from the city, was over-run by a crowd of young people, friends of their children. Colin, the son who was studying law and boarded in the city, had come out for the evening, bringing with him three student friends, James Stewart, Robert Graham, and John Kirke. Together with the Carter family, neighbours and friends of the Bentons, they made a merry party. Jimmy Stewart and Jean Benton were well on the way to become extra special friends, and with this object in view had managed to have three dances together, with the prospect of more, when the first event took place, which was to cause the change in their lives. Bob Graham with the second Benton girl, Peggy, steered an uncertain course down a slippery verandah, missing destruction in the shape of a cane lounge by a hair's breadth, singing all the while. With a wild yell of "Oh, oh, mother, I'm WILD," he hurled his partner backwards in a frenzied rush. A resounding thump came as Peggy collided with Jimmy and Jean, and, like a gate before a battering ram they all went down with a rush. Bob, smitten with remorse, began to sort out the mingled mass of humanity, apologising profusely. The younger Miss Benton, who had fallen on the other two, was easily mollified. Not so her sister. She addressed the unfortunate Robert in angry tones. "Is it only wild you say you are? Mad, I call it. You ought to be in an asylum. Did I hear you offer to help me

get the splinters out? No, thank you! I wouldn't let you touch me with a ten-foot pole!" and followed by the faithful but breathless Jimmy, she stalked into the library. "I'll get a needle. You wait till I come back. I won't be long," she said, and ran out of the room.

Jimmy, left to himself, examined his surroundings, books, pictures, everything. One picture in particular caught his fancy. It was that of an elderly man, with a pleasant, clever-looking face. Jimmy viewed it carefully from every angle, and was still looking when Jean came running back. "I've got them out," she announced, showing a bandaged hand. "Let's go out quickly. I love dancing to that record they've put on now."

"Alright," answered Jimmy; "but who's this chap, Jean? He seems sort of familiar."

"Oh, that," she said. "It's great-great-uncle Albert. Rather clever old bird. He wrote all those books over there. I'll show them to you some time, and some other things of his we have—clothes, I mean," and she stepped out on to the verandah.

Just then the storm which had been gathering all the afternoon, burst in all its fury. Half-way down the verandah it occurred to Jim that he had left the car in the roadway. "Jean," he said, "I'll have to do a bolt and get the car. I've just thought of it." He hailed the other three and started down the path in the pouring rain. A quarter of an hour later they returned, soaked to the skin, and with the cheerful news that the car refused to move. "We can't shift her," they explained; "and as we've missed the last train, we'll have to tramp back to town. The rain's easing, at any rate."

Just then Mrs. Benton appeared on the scene. "Do you mean to say that you intend walking back to town? I never heard anything so absurd. You'll all stop here for the night, of course. The only thing I'm worried about is the supply of night clothes for you all, but I'll get them somehow. I do wish father wasn't away,

COMMEM. SNAPSHOTS.



Engineer Students Display



The Beaudesert Oil Discovery in the Limelight.

and that all your things weren't in town, Col. The Carters all ran off directly the rain eased."

The slight silence after Mrs. Benton finished speaking was broken by a yelp of joy from Bob, with whom Peggy had been carrying on an animated conversation in deaf and dumb language. "What is it, Bob?" asked Mrs. Benton. He pointed an accusing finger at Peggy and gurgled, "Ask her." "Well, mother," "I just suggested that some one might wear Uncle Albert's night shirt. Which ever one of you gets it is a lucky man. It's a perfect pet, and we've had it in our family for ages. What's he so excited about?" she said looking at Jimmy, who had turned a delicate carmine. "S-sh, dear!" said Mrs. Benton. "That's the very thing. No, Jean!" in answer to Jean's protest. "The linen is as good as new. It won't hurt at all. Boys, go to the third room down the corridor, while I get the things. Good night, everyone," and she hurried off with the girls.

In the girls' room that night Jean was strangely silent. She checked all Peggy's attempts at conversation, clicked out the light and prayed fervently. "Dear Lord, don't let Jimmy get that night shirt. I can just imagine what he'll look like in it, and he'd look dreadful."

In the third room down the corridor sat three disconsolate youths. Bob's mercurial spirits, however, soon rose. He disentangled a handsome linen shirt from the miscellaneous clothing on the floor and held it up for inspection. "I propose that Jimmy, being the best looking of the trio, takes this shirt. The linen, as you will observe, is——" "Shut up, you fool," came explosively from the highly coloured Mr. Stewart. "Failing that," continued the irrepressible Bob, with a stern glance at Jimmy, "I vote we draw lots" and he produced a sodden pack of cards from his pocket and offered them to Kirke, then to Jimmy, cutting last himself. "One, two, three, show," he commanded. "The saints

preserve us, Jimmy's drawn the ace," and with a howl of mirth he somersaulted over the bed.

Early next morning, Bob, after a good night's sleep, rose up to find Jimmy still miserable, and bad tempered besides, after a sleepless night. Feeling rather sorry for his behaviour of the previous night, he suggested that as they had not even one dressing gown between them, Jimmy should go to the bathroom, while there was no one up and about. For the first time in twelve hours, Jimmy showed a return of his old spirit. "That's a good idea," he said. "I'll go now. You're sure no one's about?" "Quite, old man" was the affable answer, but do hurry up, because it's my turn next." Jimmy stepped gingerly into the corridor closing the door softly behind him. His spirits rose as he tiptoed along, and he felt even happy. But his joy was short lived. Just as he put on a spurt to cover the final stretch of passage to the bathroom, he heard a near-by door being opened. It was impossible to retreat, impossible to advance, as the passage was just long enough for him to be seen which ever way he went, and besides, the door lay on his forward line of march. He determined to stand his ground and face it out. The elder Miss Benton, clad in gardening overalls, backed into the passage, followed by her sister, armed with a pair of gardening shears. Peggy just caught sight of the hapless Mr. Stewart, and giving an inarticulate giggle, poked her sister with the shears. "In my wildest dreams ——" she began. Jean spun round and came face to face with the wretched youth. "Jean," he began in an imploring tone, but she cut him short. "You worm!" she hissed, "I'll never in my life speak to you again!"; and she never did.

It took poor old Jimmy several years to recover from the blow, but eventually he did, for two years after, Jean married the man who had always been second in the running, John Kirke. Well—James Stewart married Peggy.

Q.



Marcinelle.

He sought her with a restless pagan heart,
And she who burned to turn his mind to God,
Lay wondering in the sleepless hours of night,
When all the sky was traced with spangled stars,

How came it so—the fond desire to lie
Within his arms—while he, with haughty tread,
Strode o'er her images and ground beneath his heel

The plaster face of Christ and yet when asked,
Would not, or rather deigned not, to explain
The rhythmic beat of Nature's thousand hearts.
Standing secure in his wild strength, he thought

It but a part of that strange power that lay
Self-centred in his brain—to which he gave
The credit of the deeds that won for him
The glance of admiration in the square,
And on his hearth the homage of a few.

And Marcinelle, whose mother taught to kneel
Before the altar rails and bow her head
In adoration while the censer swung
Its perfumed clouds around the mumbling priest,

And in the heart of whom there dwelt the love

Of painted statue and of crucifix,
The organ voice, the choir's triumphant hymn,
And too, the pomp of ceremonial
That hides and leaves the light of God forgot—

Yes, she with arms and neck so shapely cast
That Helen, far-sung conqueror of hearts
And one whose breast had been the tilting ground

Of many loves, the while that blue veins swelled

To mark the kiss of unleashed passion's lips—
Might well have envied them. Yes, Marcinelle,

Whose song soft lilting on the forest breeze,
Had surely passed for some divine refrain
Escaping from the fields Elysian—

Was wont to linger where a mountain stream
With hurried pace and white with anger, turned

With many gurgles to the level plain
And whispering placidity. And here,
A primrose in her raven hair, would she
Await his coming, tender eyes alight
And full of yearning, such as Hero's were
When by her window, she, with faltering heart

Gazed long across the Hellespont. And when
He came, his swinging step and tilted hat
Speaking abandon and a hard contempt
For little things, she no more could resist
The question in his greeting, "Not a kiss?"
Than can the bee, with the first light of day,
Ignore the sweetness of the rosemary.
She quite forgot her God, when he, Lamart,
With one hand held her two behind her back
And drugged her soul with answering desire,
And his big eyes, sharp as an eagle's are,

Gave wordless promises, and mirrored, clear
As any lake, the grandeur of the hills.

When he was gone, and passed the daily tryst,
Poor Marcinelle was wont to pluck a rose
Whose parent vine came climbing o'er her sill,
And fondle it, her dark brown orbs alight
With that pure glow that one may often see
In a young mother's eyes when her pale breast
Yields to the eager babe its nourishment.
And daily cried she this, "O Lord, forgive,
For I must go to him—but let it be
Without displeasure marked, for from us two,

The brave Lamart who scorns Thy sacrifice
As but a piece of trumpery, and me
Who know Thy goodness and Thy mercy too,
Shall come a child that I shall rear for Thee."

And so she went to him, and while he plied
His busy axe among the mountain pines,
She tended to his humble wants, and sang—
Not carelessly as she had done when Life
Still held the virgin chalice to her lips—
But with a haunting note, a troubled note,
With just a touch of fever in her veins
As those upon the eve of some great test
Have oft' experienced. And be it said
That he who talked of liberty and love,
Forgot to grant his wife the right to seek
In her environment for either one.
The garden gave her roses; Marcinelle
Now bruised their petals with impetuous hands

And crooned of love betrayed and love to be.

When by her side there lay the young Lamart,

Her eyes unsteady from a long travail
Sought oft' the crucifix that she with tears
Had begged the freedom to retain, e'en though
It roused the woodman's anger ev'ry day—
And murmured she, "O God, for Thee, for Thee."

And in her dreams, born with the babe beside,

She saw him as a man—a holy priest
With blessed habiliments, and heard his voice

Filling the valley church with soothing drone
While she, with hair grown gray before its time,

Knelt as of old before the altar rails
And asked her kindly God, had she atoned.

But with the passing years the young Lamart,
Sturdy of limb and with a waywardness
That spoke the father's strain, thought not on books

Nor telling beads, nor liked the sweet caress
That gave the pardon to a careless word
Or some irreverence, but talked of fights
And blood, encouraged by the brave Lamart
Whose coarsened laugh and jeers had daily grown

As of a fiend. And then a sadness came

And filled the earnest heart of Marcinelle;
 More deep it dwelt than incident could sway
 Until one night she missed her pinewood
 cross,
 And searching found it hid beneath a pile
 Of broken catapults and bits of string,
 Half hacked and pared away to make a kite.

She lay upon her bed, and as they stood
 In dumb astonishment to see her so
 With quiv'ring lips, and tearless vacant eyes
 Like cloudy agates 'neath a brow of snow,

She softly called the father to her side
 And taking in her own, his hardened hand,
 Placed it upon her bosom lying bared,
 And said with gentle scorn: "O brave Lamart,
 Feel now the feeble pulsing of a heart
 That lies in twain and know that you for
 whom

I passed my Maker by, have made it thus."
 And turning her wide eyes to where the moon
 Silvered her casement with benignant ray,
 She passed beyond the ways of paltry life.



The Epigrammatic Fever : A Virulent Outbreak.

Kipling, who could depict a woman blindly worshipful and self-sacrificing just as convincingly as he could a Maisie or a "woman who did not care," makes one of his characters state that "kissing a man without a moustache is like eating an egg without salt." And the remark became proverbial, more for the arresting form in which it was stated than for any deep underlying truth it contained. The fact that this is true of many excellent maxims has led to the perpetration of an innumerable number of lamentably poor ones, and has especially played into the hands of the misogynist who longs to rush into print. One example, culled from a comparatively recent and anonymous work, reads as follows:—"Kissing a woman who doesn't want you to kiss her is about the same feeling as having your best cheque dishonoured"—introduced by the same startling word. Such maxims have a rather limited number of common characteristics. Apart from the definition type, perhaps the most popular is the pun (see Murison) defined as "the lowest form of wit." To take a very common example, the two words "correspond" and "correspond" open up unlimited, never-exhausting vistas to the enthusiast. Then there is the balanced sentence, to quote from the last issue of "Galmahra": "Some women grieve because their husbands have deserted them; most women grieve because they have not." Wherein lies the cause of the popularity of this style? Certainly there is a vein of light playful cynicism running right through our literature. It dates back to Chaucer at least, and great must have been the per-

turbation of the male portion of the audience at His Majesty's recently when Hermia swore—

"By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke."

Such expression was often the result of a saving sense of humour which rose in revolt against the sentimentality of contemporary poetry. And it must be confessed that "The Constant Lover" and "Go and catch a falling star" carry more conviction than some of the pseudo-Petrarchian sonnets which preceded them. From all these the spiteful tone is conspicuous only by its absence. The same note is struck again and again, right down to modern times where we have Daley's "Over the Wine," with his

"Now I think, like some old vandal,
 That the game's not worth the candle,
 And I know some other vandals think the
 same."

Even the more bitter note of Kipling's 'rag and a bone and a hank of hair' does not arouse a feeling of resentment, because it is not felt to be causeless. To such sentiments one can apply the advice, "To a Misogynist."

"You damn all women as wantons, or worse,
 For a lover proved false in the days gone by.
 Say, was the blame of it all of it hers?
 We are not immaculate, you and I."

But what of the feeble wit, incapable of poetry, incapable even of rhythmical jingle, who proudly offers his Pale Pills to an indifferent public? What excuse for him. The cynicism of the very young fresher probably—in fact almost certainly—dates back to the not-far-distant day

COMMEM. SNAPSHOTS.

H. MARKS



The Anti-Plague Crusade



The Medical Faculty - non existent

when a beloved teacher accepted his blushingly proffered violets in the morning and ruthlessly doled out "impos" in the afternoon. As such it is excusable—in him.

But surely the editorial staff of "Gal-mahra" would have commented on the

fact, had the Pale Pills column been the work of freshers alone.

Is such writing witty and worthy of encouragement? Owing to lack of time in which to pursue the dialectic method of finding an answer I beg to suggest the question to the Debating Society.

MOMORDI.



Reflections.

Near to me there lives a little boy whose quaint expressions and childish thoughts are a constant source of delight. He is just waking up to a realisation of the world and the fact that all things in it are not so easily understood as once they seemed. And so the words most often used by him are "How? Why? What?" He is an imaginative little fellow, too, sympathetic to an extreme, and most lovable. But to live with him requires a vast source of patience and knowledge, and an unfailing supply of true wisdom. Always behind his most innocent questions, answered with equal simplicity, lurks the danger of an unanswerable query. . . .

Some weeks ago there was a serious fire not far away. During the night a house was burnt to the ground, and Jim was awakened from his childish sleep by the vivid glare of the flames and the clanging sound of the bells. The experience made a strong impression upon him, and all the next day he was fearful that he himself might be burnt or see his home destroyed. He came to us to recount this dreadful event, and his big blue eyes, brimful of tears, bespoke his utter distress. My stories of the courageous firemen with their shining helmets held his attention for a time—but, only for a time. Inevitably his fear returned. At last my mother, with superior wisdom and understanding of the child mind, told him that he need not fear, for God always sent His Guardian Angel to take care of little boys. This was a new idea. Here were fresh and hitherto unthought of fields of inquiry! The fire was soon forgotten, and the Angel became the centre of attention. But the matter was not to end on that exalted

plane. Does it ever do so with children? "Is there a Guardian Angel taking care of me?" he said. "Oh, Yes!" "It is **always** taking care?" "Yes, Jim." There followed a silence. But suddenly a look of perplexity passed across his solemn little face. "Why, if it's always there, whatever is it doing when the 'skeeters bite my legs?" The everlasting question asked in various forms from the beginning.

And to-day I heard that same little boy, whistling vigorously and then chanting; whistling and chanting. I listened, and this is what I heard: "When I whistle I'm talking to you, God! Do you hear, God? . . . There I'll whistle like that, and you'll know I'm talking to you. I've broken my top and. . . ." I didn't wait for any more—I came away. But, since then I've been thinking. How many different forms of prayer there are! That was Jimmy's, and it was perfectly sincere.

I once walked through a mountain mist—one of those thick mists which blot out all objects more than a foot distant, and which seem to deaden all the ordinary sounds of life; but which, at the same time, seem to bring with them, a certain rustling soundless sound (if such a thing **can** be) of their own—a silence that can be heard. And in that silence Nature and the God of Nature seem very close. Almost, with the changeling, one can hear—

"The feathers grow on the dear grey dove,
The tiny heart of the redstart beat,
The patter of the squirrel's feet,
The pebbles pushing in the silver streams,
The rushes talking in their dreams,
The swish-swish of the bat's blackwings,
The wild wool blue-bell's sweet ting-tings."

In that perfect hush, broken only by such sounds as these, a realisation of a sublime discontent comes vaguely nearer, and an unformulated desire for something—God alone knows what—fills the heart. Who shall say that this breathless adoration is not a Prayer?

It is not so long, comparatively speaking, since the Rev. Douglas Price preached a sermon in which he declared that he did not, could not, believe in the efficacy of prayer for specific objects. "When anyone tells me that he has received a 'definite answer' to prayer," he says, "that they have pleaded and pleaded, and at long last have overcome the laziness and indifference of God, though it may cover some kind of reality, yet it brings to me but the shuddering horror of a great darkness. This is what the highest prayer means. It means that we accept life—weird, terrible, incomprehensible life—as from the hand of God, simply, bravely, trustfully. . . . So you lie as in the Father's hand, asking no sign, making no petition." I read the whole of that address only a few days ago; and, on the same day, I was told by a girl with shining eyes and trembling lips, of faithful answers to believing prayer. With her, was an old man, who had seen much of life, and that much, of life when it is sad, and sordid, and unbeautiful; but his face reflected the glory transforming hers. And neither of these two—neither the girl nor the man, the young nor the old—was surprised. It was just beautiful—not by any means strange.

How different these two conceptions! The one is an echo of the words of Marcus Aurelius in a very different age, "Everything is harmonious to me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe; nothing is too early or too late for me that is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me, that thy seasons bring, O Nature: from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return," or of the cry of the Mohammedan Hafiz (in the verse which Douglas Price himself quotes):—

"Take to the garden thy carpet of prayer,
Wait and watch how at God's command,
The daffodils' girdles of green prepare,

How sentinel straight the cypresses stand.
Forget Thyself in the Path of Life,
Plunge for a moment in God's own sea,
And the Seven Tides of the Waters of Strife
Shall never encompass Thee."

The man who prays thus accepts willingly whatever comes. His prayer is perfect trust, utter self-abandonment and receptivity. Another with a more human touch, cries—

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
And Spirit with spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet."

or again—

"Let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
If knowing God they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them
friend."

Both for themselves and those that call them friend. A striking antithesis here—surely!

Emerson, loved so by all the young and optimistic, has a different conception again—a conception which, like that of Douglas Price, denies the element of begging, to prayer, but which, at the same time, contains the positive leaven of the desire to attain some longed-for, definite end. It is not sufficient just to accept. "As soon as the man is at one with God," he says, "will he not beg. He will see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer, kneeling in his field, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends." To work for the attainment of an object, then, is to pray for it. A disturbing doctrine this! Of a truth some of us make strange prayers.

Jim has just been in again. He wants to know where the sun goes at night, why the wind blows some days and not others, and if I love the milkman. Truly, little chap, questions more easily answered than your query, as to what your Guardian Angel is doing "when the skeeters bite your legs."

G. B.

Chestnuts.

It is often remarked that a person whose store of expletives is abnormal, owes his or her freedom in this particular direction to a deficiency of vocabulary in another direction, namely, the facility for expression in pure, unadulterated King's English. As an analogy to this, I should like to ask if the repetition by our lecturers of the same hardy annuals may not be traced to their deficiencies in other directions in addition to an attempt to brighten their otherwise dreary lectures by the inclusion of these aforesaid diversions, digressions and divagations.

Not only do these chestnuts fall flat through repetition, but consider the consequence of their recital if they were to be taken seriously by the student. If a question were asked in the exam.: "Describe the action of the common pump?" According to the notes of the lecturer concerned, the answer runs thus:—

Let A be the handle,
And B be the spout;
You work at the handle,
And the water runs out.

Obviously such a greybeard should be preserved; but not in students' notes, which are discarded or used for baser purposes after a short lapse of time. Rather should this immortal be perpetuated by being mentioned in the University Statutes, or included in "The Memoirs of Professor Antilog," or, better still, be printed in the Calendar as part of the course in Applied Mathematics.

Others might, with advantage be reserved for drawing-room purposes or after dinner speeches. In the former category I would place the story of the lady on the American liner. The female went on to the bridge to chat with the captain; but, being in the fashion, she had steel blades

in waste places of her apparel, where, in former times, it was customary to have whalebone. The conversation was long and, we suspect, enjoyable; for the steel blades being in close proximity to the ship's compass—the latter in all probability being used as a hand-rest—so affected the position of the needle that the ship was thrown several hundred miles off her course.

For an after-dinner speech the following anecdote might suffice: Professor Isopulgol, after delivering a lecture on the difference between decomposition and dissociation to his students, paid a visit to the back bench of the lecture theatre. There he saw a series of caricatures in which he recognised himself as the chief actor. The first showed a barrel labelled gunpowder; the second, the Professor seated on it; the third, a light being applied to the barrel; and the last had a few wisps of smoke tracing out the word "dissociation" on the skyline. At the next lecture the Professor remarked upon these caricatures, and ended his criticism by saying that the idea showed, in the main, a knowledge of detail, but that the final one should have read "decomposition" instead of "dissociation."

To conclude, as most of these jokes are cracked on the heads of audiences that could be counted on the thumbs of both hands, I should like to see a committee formed to deal with them. The question is fast developing a serious aspect, and, unless something is done to remove these chestnuts from lectures, the University will be obliged to constitute a Public Pests and Nuisances Society, and institute a system of fines whereby the worst offenders in this particular matter may be summarily dealt with.

JOE MILLER SECUNDUS.



The Passing.

Grey, crimson-tipped, the dagger-cloud,
Swung by the stealthy, whispering wind,
Has pierced the bosom of the west.
'Tis now half-drawn. Day's crimson life

Pours forth and stains the purple veil
Of clouds, high-piled. . . . Black night, the pall,
Is drawn across; and day is dead.

—N.E.R.

COMMEN. SNAPSHOTS.



Primary Production



"On the Lawn at Ascot"

C.A. Gilmour

The Seven Ages of the Flapper.

At 15.—She is going to High School, loathes Latin and Algebra, adores ice-cream and Norma Talmadge. Gets supremely agitated about basket ball matches and swimming carnivals. Scorns the gawky youth who waits to catch her tram in the morning, and despises his ultra-polite "Good morning."

At 16.—Still loathes the Classics, but must trifle with them for exams. Prefers tennis now, with brother's friends. Passion for pictures at its greatest height. No longer scorns the gawky youth (who now wears long trousers). Finds him useful for tram fares, chocolates, pictures, etc.

At 17.—Puts her hair up, goes to the 'Varsity. Commences her first dancing season and gives up everything for the joys of jazz.

At 18.—Still a jazz fiend, but getting bored with life in general. Forms strong attachment for gawky youth (now an Engineer at the 'Varsity), and they are rarely seen unattached.

At 19.—Still dances, flirts, and loafs. Quarrels and parts for ever from gawky youth—believes that love is a dream.

At 20.—Finishes with 'Varsity and begins to learn something at last. Takes more serious view of life, and resolves to be an old maid. Learns to darn socks, cook, and mind kittens.

At 21.—Becomes less bored, dreams again of gawky youth (now a man, earning £10,000 a year at the Panama Canal). Writes to him. He joyfully returns (having been ever faithful?) and they are gaily wed. Which may not be the end, but only the beginning of the flapper's life.

—**—

To —

I know that fairy tales are true,
 For none but fairies fashioned you.
 They spun from nights hung high aloft,
 A thousand thousand threads of soft
 And shimmering jet, to make your hair.
 They took some ruby coral rare,
 And carved a pair of laughing lips:
 The golden, murm'ring bee that sips
 Cool nectar from the flowers, has brought
 His honey to them. Elves have sought
 Through cloud on cloud, when dawn's pearl-
 grey.
 Is flushed with joy to see the day
 Dance o'er the hill-tops—they did seek
 The colour now upon your cheek.
 The fairies took the twinkling light
 Of tiny star-lamps of the night
 In mountain lakes reflected; you
 Now hold it in your eyes of blue.
 Your laugh was once a bell-bird's note;
 It graces now a fairer throat.
 Your voice is blended harmony
 Of sounds—the far-off murm'ring sea,
 The high gums rustling in the breeze,
 And myriads sweeter far than these.
 The fairies shaped in fairest clay
 A perfect woman's body: they
 Then made it breathe and move and live,
 And all that Nature fair could give
 They put therein. And thus you go
 Along the road of youth. I know
 That tales of fairies must be true,
 For none but fairies fashioned you.

—N.E.R.

Jottings on the New Zealand Tour.

Six went; six came back. The plans for departure were rather hurried, but the reps. started the 4,000 mile spin in good trim. The mail train down gave no inspiration except perchance to one warbler who has since been placed (by the Referee) in the same category as Madame Melba. (God help Melba!)

Ribbons stretched far from the Union boat "Manuka" to Sydney's wharves, but before we could hiccup we were standing near the Heads. The medico then came aboard and scouted for plague patients. The test evidently for this is the subject's marching before the Doctor with arms upstretched a la Kamarade. The glandular swellings under the arms seem more likely to help than hinder arms upward stretch position. The ship started off unplugged.

It was just outside the Heads that aspirants to Masters' certificates threw in their ticket. Lunch was served at one, but served only for some. To eat or not to eat, that was the question. Several solved the problem after a few minutes below deck. From then on the weakest stayed above or below continually, whilst the sterner stuff varied their perambulations. It was no mean gale that hit us, and in the first 36 hours sail we lost 12. Quoits, deck quoits and deck tennis, and one other became the order of the day. At night the social hall was but meagrely filled at first; voices returned later, and all had their fill of music sweet. Despite the first class saloon cabins, several of us shunned them, choosing to sleep in the smokeroom after "lights out." Three surreptitiously began this, but thirteen timidly followed. Small chance was theirs to get early rest, since the "urgers'" repertoire ranged from monkeyish acrobatics to six knee slaps and "Wallee mullora choomooroo tingal, etc."

Auckland by night is a pretty sight. The harbour is even prettier by day, and rivals Sydney's pride. It has one advantage over Sydney: there are numerous little islets (jealously guarded by the extinct volcano, Rangitoto) which allow a

week's yachting amidst them. Auckland streets are wide and clean; their trams are crowded; they have a fine Art Gallery, and several University students. The Law School predominates numerically, whilst the Faculties of Arts and Science are like ours; but the Engineers bask in a little tin shed. Med. students go to Dunedin.

The 'Varsity procession was spoiled by a preliminary two hours' gambol before the procession really began. Its chief feature was the "Bulgarian Bug," a first cousin of "Russian Culture." This was represented by an enormous goanna-like animal which wobbled along the by-ways. Incidentally, the "Bulgarian Bug" and its milk culture is much used by Auckland beauties. The results are not always visible.

You know the Albert Hotel in Queen Street? A fine place it is. Well, we stayed there. The A.U.S.N. flag with its kangarooed coat of arms flapped gaily in the nippy air. There are no kangaroos in N.Z., so we were not surprised to hear someone ask, "What's the bleeding dorg for?" Auckland weather was fine, and the many car visits to the surrounding craters and green hills were very pleasant. Last, but not least, was a run to Hamilton, a large dairying centre 100 miles away, and 50 from the Taupo area. The trains are very similar to Queensland ones—square wheels and narrow gauge!

Very many times we thought to run through to Rotorua, where the volcanoes at that time were playing merrily enough to make people decamp. A break-down eighty miles from Auckland did not aid matters; but the Aussies provided the other travellers with some versatile vaudeville for a few hours. Jimmy Craig, of tourist fame (a brilliant international is Jimmy) led in the war cry; the only "Bluey" in the party gave the En. Zeds. some "Ginger Mick" (which was much appreciated), whilst "Yarrowonga" and "Come and have a tiddly at the fountain" helped matters somewhat.

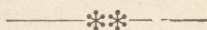
A team played at Ngourwochia ("g" soft as in fish and strong teeth action on

last syllable), but lost—being handicapped by bad weather conditions. About 60 per cent. of the spectators were “wahines,” who, with their progeny slung on their backs, vociferously urged the huge Maori warriors to stick the boot in to the pakehas from Australia. The winning of the rubber at Auckland against representative teams is news to most. We were always told by our coaches before going on the field to “remember the

cables, boys”; but we didn’t dream that they wouldn’t reach Queensland. The scores were 13—12, 18—7, 16—24, and the final match at Sydney against a strong metropolitan side put a stirring finish to the tour.

The tourists arrived back for Brisbane to present a worse day than any experienced in the bleak, wet, froth island of New Zealand.

—“Break.”



“The Shadow of the Past.”

She sat alone below the wooded ridge. The greyish blue sky beyond caught the sun’s last rays and reflected them in vivid streaks of red, the brightness of which failed to add warmth to the coldness of the dying day. She shivered. Her big, staring, dark brown eyes were sadly filled with tears as she gazed wistfully at the cold shadows creeping towards her. They seemed like the long, grasping, ghostly fingers of black Eternity stretching out to draw her surely, perniciously into the everlasting darkness of It’s bosom, where, perhaps, there would be peace, restfulness and calm—but how slow they seemed

.....
She gently, mechanically smoothed out the crumpled sheet of tear-stained note-paper she held in her trembling fingers. Her hands half closed on the fatal note as if to crumple it again, but relaxed as she lowered her head to read once more:—

“Dearest, I have lain feverishly awake all through the never-ending night trying to see a way out, a way, which will be easiest for you. It is fine of you to say that ‘the past is gone and can be forgotten’ and ‘the future is ours to make of it what we will’—but—O, that I could make you understand that the ‘dark cloud’ of the past will ever be with me now that it has overshadowed our happiness; that it is far better for us to part now than later, when you learn, as learn you must, what past folly of mine has caused this anguish. Yes, there is another woman, but, believe me, I do not love her. I admit

that I once imagined I did, but—have pity on me and do not force me to give you the sordid details. I could not bear to make you suffer more than you do now. I think it best that you should know, not that I hope in any way to console myself with this secrecy. O, that I could. For me there is no consolation, not even in the fact that realisation of the selfishness of my attempt to blot out the past with the ecstasy of the present only came to me yesterday. No, I deserve no pity. I basely deceived you, weakling that I was, but I’m now paying the penalty. I have no self-pity, especially when I consider how I am making you suffer. For this reason I fervently pray that you will hate me—yes, I mean it

“Forget me; you can, you must. Please try and understand that I’m doing the hardest thing I have done in my life in giving you up

“There is only one way out. I am leaving this afternoon for God knows where—some place where I will surely pay for the past. Good-bye.

Jack.”

She read the last paragraph over and over again before she suddenly realised its awful significance. She jumped impulsively to her feet and gazed startled about her; her eyes were now dry but wildly staring. She clenched her white hands in helpless anguish and from her quivering lips came a gasping cry. Suddenly she turned and ran madly along the path which led homewards across the ridge.

Reaching the house she rushed wildly inside and snatched the telephone receiver from the hook, and stood panting, leaning against the wall. With an effort she gasped and then repeated after a pause Jack's number. Her brain was working quickly as she waited expectantly, dreading Would she be in time to save him? Perhaps he had already a voice interrupted her, a strange voice, a woman's voice. She seemed to have gained control of herself somewhat as she

enquired if Jack was there, but the curt reply, "No, he is not," seemed to stun her. She swayed, but managed to regain her balance and to ask where he had gone. Shrilly came the answer, "That's what I'd like to know. I followed him here" Perhaps this was the woman to whom Jack alluded. Almost in a whisper she interrupted, "Whose speaking?" As if from a distance faintly but terribly clear came the words, "His wife."

V. E. G. H.



Commem.

As the good old prophet Isaiah once remarked, "men may come and men may go"—but Commem. goes on for ever. The afternoon before saw the Men's Common-room once more a seething mass of calico, humanity, and paint, which gradually sorted itself out, so that during the morning of the 8th of June, Brisbane saw the third Commem. procession passing along its battered streets.

The Brisbane public look forward to the annual "stunt," when the little community existing in its midst visits it in motley garb, and pleasant references to it are received from most unexpected sources. People seemed to appreciate most the Prime Ministerial tableau, and the weird and wonderful Jazzena with its moving jaw and strange noises. The giraffe-like cow of the Primary Producers' Association excited much mirth; and our 'Varsity babies in the guise of jockeys also seemed to appeal greatly. But the onlookers laughed with us from beginning to end, and were not all deterred by the wetness dealt out from the synthetic gold plant.

It indeed seems a pity that appreciation of our efforts should be confined to Brisbane alone. If we could only obtain a lar-

ger number of spectators by means of moving pictures and have our Commem. procession last for more than one short hour!

The procession was not all that Brisbane saw of 'Varsity students that day. In the afternoon they were seen again, this time in sombre academic dress (but not in corresponding silence), being conveyed in trams to the Exhibition Hall. The ceremony of conferring degrees was very worthy. The studes were not packed as undesirables to the back of the hall, but took their place as members of the University. The old songs were sung, and many new ones.

The only unhappy person was the Chancellor, who found the cap lifting much too strenuous. The "Gaudeamus," with organ accompaniment, formed an excellent conclusion to the day's programme.

At the dinner and dance at night there was a record attendance, so that tables overflowed to the verandahs. The enjoyment of everybody was obvious even at 3.30 a.m., when physical weariness began to assert itself, and the general expression was—"May Commem. ever exist—once a year."



Noses.

The subject is admittedly a smellful one, but seasonable withal. And our readers' thoughts fly immediately to the hygroscopic tuft of hair on the nasal organ of that delightful Frenchman of literature, or to the beautiful corpse—sung by Max Adeler—which, in life—

"Wore a striped shirt and a number nine shoe,
And had a pink wart on his nose."

But these we must omit from our discussion. We move to more serious considerations. We can regard it only as astounding the extent to which our poets have neglected the nose and its literary possibilities. Consider Herrick, for instance, the greatest of our verse anatomists, if we may use the term. Of Julia alone, but one of his victims—we use the word advisedly—he sang the eyes, the lips, the cheeks, the legs; her breasts, her hair filled with dew; even her petticoat, her bed, her feet, her breath; indeed her everything at least one song to each; but never a line to her nose. And we cannot assume she had no nose, or romantic, beauty-loving old Herrick had never been attracted. Even Solomon's song can speak of "thighs like the polished corners of the temple" and "eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon," and yet fail to record a nose. True, Tennyson gave Lynette a nose "tiptilted like the petal of a flower," but there it ends. Never a note of the ecstasies of that tiptiltedness! And who is there will deny the nose is almost all the fact; more than the lips, the eyes, the brow, it makes or mars. Considered merely as the barometer of the liver, and the whisky meter, it is surely not to be sneezed at. And in spite of the poet's neglect, man has no mean regard for his nose. It is his most sensitive spot; on no other point can you insult him so readily.

"As Poppy passed, she lifted a slim white hand, smacked the face of Sway Lim, and, with delicate, cruel fingers pulled the nose of Sway Lim.

"It was enough. If a broken heart had not been enough, then this assault had crowned it. His holy of holies, his personal dignity, his nose, had been degraded. All

the wrath of his fathers foamed in his blood. All the tears of the ages rushed over his heart. Innumerable agonies scorched his flesh."

His holy of holies indeed! His personal dignity! And this, perhaps, is why it is a butt for all men's humour. Writes De Quincey in his "Murder" essay:—

"In the course of this round we tried the weaving system, in which I had greatly the advantage, and hit him repeatedly on the conk. My reason for this was that his conk was covered with carbuncles, and I thought I should vex him by taking such liberties with his conk, which in fact I did."

But surely it was not merely the bulbous nature of the nose that inspired the amateur to attack it: rather the instinct that such treatment of any nose, howsoever magnificently bulbous, howsoever delicately chiselled, would produce the required vexation. Otherwise would he not have chosen the cheeks, or the chin, each in their way as flagrantly flabby and as obviously multiple as was the nose carbuncled of this baker, this "shapeless mass of dough," this "monstrous feather-bed in person."

A most sensitive spot indeed is this mid-face protuberance, this veritable centre of the countenance. Verily love and a large nose cannot be hid, and, as the proverb has it, "he that hath a great nose thinks everybody is speaking of it," and, as a rule, they are. In his affliction he is as sensitive as is the lover in his. But history, blessed history, holds words of comfort. Napoleon, in his greatness, declared, "When I want any good headwork done I always choose a man, if suitable otherwise, with a long nose." Take comfort, my brothers! And consider the men of genius that have lived and died before us. Regard their portraits: one long array of mighty conks. And in the romantic days of Herrick, the Julias and the Coronnas must have been sore pressed indeed within themselves to decide between the great nose of silver words and its handsome

brethren. With them surely it was oft a case of "Sing you blighter, sing!"

But the State has always profited most by its great-nosed children. Seldom has the retrousse done aught worth while. These facts still hold and "Qui se sent morveux, qu'il se mouche."

And further, my brothers, in your long-nosedness take comfort from "Consideration of Theron," for—

"Non unquam potuit nares emungere Theron,
Nam brevior nasum nescit adire manus:
Nec "superi avertant omen," cum sternuit,
inquit;
Longinquum attenta non capit aure sonum."

Theron never wiped his nose, for he couldn't reach it; and as he couldn't hear the distant sound, when he sneezed he didn't worry the gods with prayers to turn away the evil omen. Truly, indeed, was Theron's nose a nose. And Ovid, too, had no mean conk. From Tomi he wrote:

"Quique sit, audito nomine, Naso, rogas.
Ille ego sum."

"Hearing my name, you ask, 'Who is this Naso?'"

I am he!

Naso, indeed! He had a great nose and was exiled to Tomi, not so much by reason of its greatness, but rather that he poked it into other people's affairs—the other people being the Emperor!

In truth our noses play a most important part in our lives; they get us into all manner of scrapes, they unfold to us all manner of ecstasies. To our noses do we owe our ability to feel and appreciate the wonder-perfume of Ambergris, the delicate fragrant bouquet of a good wine, the heaven enshrouded in a kiss. Our favourite Herriek does not admit this.

"Among thy fancies, tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kiss?
I shall resolve ye what it is."

And his resolution reveals the master—of the kiss and the lyric. Poetically, it is beautiful, scientifically, most unsound. We shall resolve ye what it is. It is but the survival of the ancient and much-honoured practice of nose-rubbing, still existent among the Maoris and Laplanders, the Malays and the Esquimaux. The act of kissing—we are told—is necessarily accompanied by an inspiration—interpret the word as you will—and an inspiration must call into play the olfactory centres of the nose. Primarily, then, the kiss was an act of exploration dependent on the sense of smell.

We know our flapper will refuse to believe this. A not very comforting thought for her that while a man is kissing her he is merely deciding what she smells like. Nevertheless it is fact, and explains why, through the ages, the sex has used perfumes so lavishly. The ecstasy of the kisses dispensed by that wonderful man our flapper met at the last dance was a function not so much of the man's lips or her own lips, but of their noses. If it depended on the man, then it was the excellent brand of talc powder with which he had anointed himself. But to our noses we do owe the joys of life. And as Chesterton affirms—

"They haven't got no noses,
The fallen sons of Eve;
Even the smell of roses
Is not what they supposes;
But more than mind discloses
And more than men believe.

And Quoodle here discloses
All things that Quoodle can.
They haven't got no noses,
They haven't got no noses,
And goodness only knows
The Noselessness of Man."

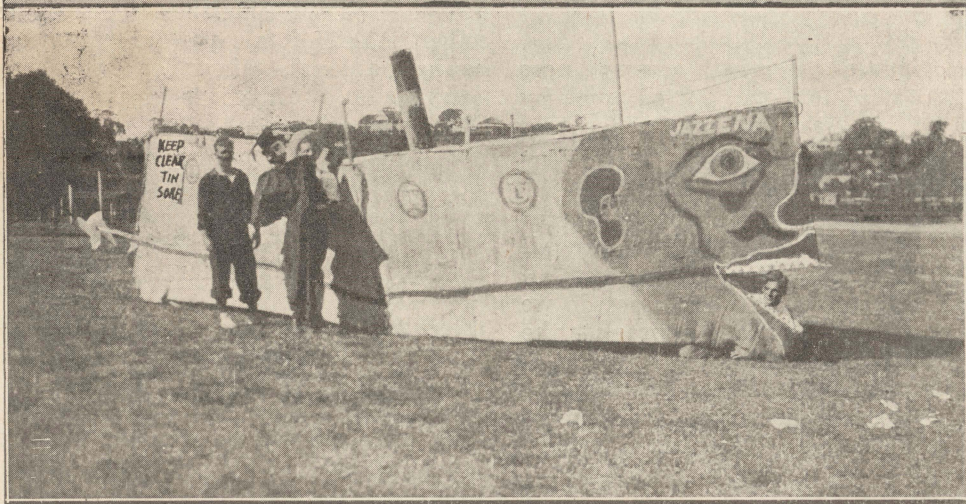
—Quoodle.



COMMEM. SNAPSHOTS.



Death to Prickly Pear



A Hit at Brisbane's Ferry

A Sale.

The accused persons, Brument and Cornu, appeared before the Assize Court of Seine-Inferieure, charged with having attempted to assassinate, by immersion, Madame Brument, legitimate spouse of the first-named accused.

The two accused were sitting side by side on the traditional bench. Both were peasants. The first was short, fat, short of arm and short of leg, bull-headed, his face fiery-red and round-swelling, his head set firmly on a neck which was also round and short. In fact, he seemed to have no neck at all. He was a pig-farmer from Cacheville, a village not far from Criquetot.

Cornu was thin, slightly built, and with long ape-like arms. He had a square head, a twisted jaw, and a hideous squint. A blue smock-frock, as long as a chemise, reached to his knees; and his straw-coloured hair, sparse and bristling, made him seem both wicked and vulgar—fiendish, in fact. He had been nicknamed "The Priest," because he could imitate to perfection church songs, and even the serpent's hiss. This natural gift attracted many people to his wine-shop—those people especially who preferred "Cornu's mass" to that of the Lord!

Madame Brument, seated in the witness box, was a thin peasant woman who seemed to be quite asleep. She remained motionless, her hands folded on her knees, looking fixedly ahead in a stupid manner.

The President continues to question:

"So then, Madame Brument, they entered your house and threw you into a barrel of water. Tell us the facts in detail. Stand up."

She stood up. She seemed as tall as a mast, for she was wearing one of those lofty, white calico bonnets. Then she began to explain in a quavering voice.

"I was preparing haricots for dinner. These two came in. I said to myself, 'What's wrong with them. They don't seem natural, but look at me maliciously?' They kept looking at me, cross-eyed, especially Cornu, for he squints. I didn't like seeing them together, for neither of

them is altogether a desirable member of society. So I said, 'What do you want of me?' They did not reply, and I felt pretty distrustful, I can tell you."

Here Brument interrupted the witness and called out: "I was drunk."

Then Cornu, turning towards his accomplice, said in a deep bass voice:

"Tell 'em we were both drunk, if you are going to keep to the truth."

The President (severely): "You mean you were both intoxicated?"

Brument: "That needs no explanation?"

Cornu: "It can happen to anybody."

The President (sharply): Continue your evidence, Madame Brument.

"Then Brument said to me, 'Would you like to earn a hundred sous?' 'Yes,' said I, seeing that a hundred sous is not to be picked up every day. Then he said, 'Open your eyes, and do as I do.' And off he goes for the huge barrel which stood under the spouting from the roof. He empties it, brings it in, and plants it right in the middle of my kitchen. Then he said to me, 'Now fill it with water to the very top. Off I went to the pond with two buckets, and carried water for close on an hour, for the barrel was as big as a vat—with all due respect to you, sir.

"During all this time Brument and Cornu were drinking—glass after glass, glass after glass. They stopped when I said, 'You are both full, more so than the barrel.' Then Brument replied, 'Don't fly into a rage; get on with your work; your turn's coming. Let us each mind our own business.' I took no notice of his words, until the barrel was full. When the barrel was absolutely full, I said, 'There you are; all's ready.'

"Then Cornu gave me the hundred sous. Not Brument, Cornu—Cornu gave them me. But Brument said to me, 'Would you like to earn another hundred sous?'

"'Yes,' said I, seeing that I am not accustomed to presents like that.

"So then he said—

"'Get undressed.'

"'Get undressed?'

"Yes; I said so."

"How much do you want me to undress?"

"If that's all that's worrying you, keep on your chemise—it won't get in our way."

"A hundred sous, you know, are a hundred sous. Therefore I began to undress, though I didn't like doing it in front of these two good-for-nothing scamps. I took off my bonnet, and then my caraco, then my skirt, and, finally, my sabots. Brument then said: 'You can keep your stockings on; we're quite alright.'"

"And Cornu repeated drunkenly: 'We're quite alright.'"

"So there was I, almost like Mother Eve, and they could hardly stand up, they were so drunk."

"Then I asked myself, 'What's the joke now?'"

"And Brument said: 'That's the idea.'"

And Cornu repeated: 'That's the idea.'"

"Then they took hold of me, Brument by the head, and Cornu by the feet, just as we two would a face-towel, sir. And then I gave a shriek."

"Brument said to me: 'Shut up, you wretch.'"

"So they lifted me in their arms and popped me in the barrel so suddenly that my blood almost froze, it was so cold."

"Then Brument said: 'Is that all?'"

"Cornu answered: 'There's nothing more.'"

"Brument said: 'The head is not in; it counts.'"

"So Cornu replied: 'Push the head in.'"

"Then Brument pushed my head underneath as if to drown me, for the water bubbled in my nose, and I thought I could see Paradise. Yes, he did the pushing—and I went under."

"After that he must have felt afraid, for he lifted me out of the barrel and said—"

"Hurry along and dry yourself, you harridan."

"My word, I took to flight, and ran as hard as I could to the priest's house. He lent me a skirt belonging to his maid, for I was practically naked. Then he went off to get Chicot, the gendarme, who hurried off to Criquetot for assistance. Then all

the gendarmes came home with me. There we found Brument and Cornu knocking each other about like two rams fighting."

"Brument was yelling: 'That's not correct. I said there was at least a cubic metre. The measure was wrong.'"

"Cornu was shouting: 'Four buckets come to scarcely half a cubic metre. You can't dispute it. There they are.'"

"The corporal placed a hand on Cornu's head. That's all I can say."

She sat down. The public laughed. The jurymen gazed at each other in amazement.

The President spoke—

"Prisoner at the bar, Cornu, you seem to be the prime instigator of this vile plot. What have you to say?"

Then Cornu, in his turn, got up.

"Your Honour, I was drunk."

The President replied gravely—

"I know. Go on."

"Very well. Brument came to my shop about nine a.m., and had two 'six-fingers' poured out. 'One is yours, Cornu,' said he. I sat down opposite him, drank with him, and for courtesy sake I called for two more. He ordered a refill, and I did the same, so that, about mid-day, we were somewhat 'primed.'"

"Then Brument began to weep. That woke all the tenderness in me. I asked him what was wrong. He said, 'I want a thousand francs by Thursday.' Thereupon I felt a little chilly—you understand? Then he displayed his grand scheme—I shall sell you my wife."

"I was drunk. I am a widower. You can understand how that stirred me. I didn't know his wife at all; but a woman is a woman. So I asked him—"

"For how much will you 'sell her?'"

"He reflected, or seemed to do so. When one is drunk one does not see quite clearly. Then he replied—"

"I will sell her by the cubic metre."

"Strangely enough I was not surprised, for I was as drunk as he, and I well knew a cubic metre in my trade. It is a thousand and litres."

"Well, then, the only question remaining was the price. Everything depends on quality."

"I said to him: 'How much, then, for this cubic metre?'"

"He replied: 'Two thousand francs.'"

"I jumped like a rabbit, for I was reckoning that a woman should not measure more than three or four hundred litres. I said, however, 'That's too dear.'"

"He answered: 'I can go no lower. Even now I am losing by it.'"

"You see, he was no pig-seller for nothing. He knew his business. But even if he were shrewd, this pork-seller, I'm pretty fly also, for I sell. Ha! Ha! So I said to him—"

"'If she were new, I would agree. But she has passed through your hands. Therefore she is second-hand. I'll give you fifteen hundred francs for your cubic metre, and not a sou more. How does that suit you?'"

"He replied: 'Good. Shake hands.'"

"We shook hands, and set off, arm in arm."

"It is very necessary that one should have a helpmate in life."

"But one fear entered my mind—"

"'How will you find what she measures unless you put her in some liquid?'"

"Then he explained his idea—a somewhat difficult task, for I was drunk."

"'I shall take a barrel, fill it right to the top with water. Then I'll put her in. We shall measure the water she displaces, and thus arrive at a correct estimate.'"

"I said to him: 'I see. I understand. But the water she displaces will flow away. How will you collect it?'"

"Then he treated me as if I were a fool, and explained that all we had to do was to fill the barrel again after we had taken the lady out. All the water replaced would be the exact amount. Suppose six buckets. That gives a cubic metre. Oh! he's no fool even when he is drunk—this rascal beside me!"

"To be quite brief. We arrived at his house, and I had a look at the goods. One could hardly class her as beautiful. Everybody can see her—the lady over there. I

said to myself: 'I've been caught. However, that doesn't matter much.' Anyhow, beautiful or ugly, they're all the same, aren't they, you're Honour?"

"Then I noticed she was as thin as a whipping-post, and I said to myself: 'She won't go four hundred litres.' I know, for I am well up in the liquor trade."

"As for the actual operation, she has told you everything. I even let her keep on her lingerie, much to my loss."

"When everything was over, I noticed her escaping. So I called to Brument—"

"'Look out, Brument, she is escaping.'"

"But he replied—"

"'Have no fear. We'll catch her again. She will have to return, for she has nowhere else to live. I shall measure the deficit from the barrel.'"

"We measured. Not four buckets. Ho! Ho!"

The accused began to laugh so persistently that a gendarme had to touch his shoulder and order him to remember the dignity of the Court. When he had calmed down he continued—

"In short, Brument said, 'Nothing doing; there's not enough.'"

"So I yelled; he yelled; but I outyelled him. Then he hit me, and I punched back. It would have gone on to the Day of Judgment, for we were both as drunk as owls."

"Then came the gendarmes. They arrested us and took us into custody. In prison! I demand damages!"

He sat down.

Brument agreed on all points with his accomplice. The jury, amazed, retired to deliberate.

They returned at the end of an hour and acquitted the accused, after administering severe admonitions on the majesty and sanctity of marriage, and limiting the exact bounds of commercial transactions.

Brument went off home with his wife; Cornu, alone, to his business.

Trans.—Maupassant.



The Adelaide Trip.

The crew and coach left Brisbane by the Sydney mail on Monday, 22nd May. The journey to Sydney passed very quickly with the assistance of cards and "Put and Take." The few hours in Sydney were spent in tram riding and a brief visit to the Sydney Medical School, after which one of the stroke four was unable to eat any tea.

From Sydney to Melbourne most of the time we were asleep; but after changing trains at Albury, the time was spent in the usual way, and the cries of "The millionaire puts two" were very prominent.

Arriving in Melbourne one member was met by a fair one, who carted him off to afternoon tea. However, he caught the train all right at night. The last stage from Melbourne to Adelaide was quite uneventful, except for the emergency conducting a test on the breaking strength of a window pane.

At Adelaide we were met by the Secretary of the A.U.B.C., who travelled with us to Port Adelaide. At Port we met most of our old friends of the year before, notably "Buff," "Joe," and "Ferg," with all the members of this year's crew.

After a very excellent dinner we proceeded to the shed "to interview" our boat. After fixing the riggers we went for a paddle, and needless to say it was rather uncomfortable. However, in a few days' time we got the feel of the boat. It rained nearly every day, and when it was not raining there was no sun.

As there was no pontoon at the shed, stroke four bravely waded into the water up to their waists every day. Judging from their remarks they seemed to enjoy it immensely. At 7 a.m. every day we were always rudely awakened, and a voice would say, "Get up and go for a stroll," and from then till 8 a.m. we trudged many weary miles. After the walk the programme was breakfast, then a row, then dinner, and after that another row, after which we had tea. Our days' work was not over even then, as after tea we were packed off for another "stroll."

Even after all this it was not always possible to go to sleep, as the air was rent by the sweet renderings of "Don't you remember the time," contributed by the "China Plates."

During our walks we came to be well known by all the "wharfies" round the district, who were always keen to inform us that we "couldn't beat the Murray Bridgers."

During all this time, however, everybody had reached the pink of condition, one large member especially "fading away." The day before the race was spent mainly in polishing the boat. After this operation she looked exceedingly well.

June 3rd dawned rather dull and cold, but the sun came out later, and a cold breeze sprang up. After a slight delay at the start the four crews lined up. When the gun went Sydney obtained a slight lead, but were quickly headed by Melbourne. Adelaide followed Sydney, and we were last. At the end of half a mile Melbourne had a length on Sydney and Adelaide, who were in turn a half length in front of us. From then on we got into our swing and quickly headed Sydney and Adelaide. At the end of the first mile we were half a length behind Melbourne, and gradually overhauling them. At 1½ miles we were level with Melbourne, with Sydney and Adelaide further back. At the end of two miles we had a clear length on Melbourne, with Sydney and Adelaide a long way back. Melbourne now spurted, but were unable to make any impression, and we held our lead to the end, finishing about 1½ lengths to the good. In the meantime everybody on the wharf thought the coach had gone mad, but it was only excitement.

That night we were entertained at a dinner in Adelaide, at which the cup was presented to our stroke amid loud cheers. After the dinner everybody got back safely to Port Adelaide, including one who caught the last train and enquired of his fellow passengers at every stop, "Is this Port Adelaide?"

On Sunday before leaving, mine host Mumme entertained us at dinner, to which everybody did full justice, and we then bade a sad (?) farewell to Port Adelaide.

In the afternoon we were taken for a fine drive through the hills, and at 8.30 p.m. boarded the train on our way home. And what a nice, comfortable journey we had coming home! Ten men occupying the space of six; but then second-class carriages are the same throughout Australia (except Queensland). The "tower of strength" was again met in Melbourne,

only this time he took Kenny with him to bring him home. In connection with the trip we have to thank Mr. L. Maiden, of the Adelaide crew, for having looked after us so well, and to the A.U.B.C. for the loan of oars.

Now the excitement is all over till next year. The fishermen at Milton Reach will no longer be annoyed by a gentleman on a bike cursing a crew on the river. But to that cyclist we owe a debt of deepest gratitude—A. A. Watson, our coach!

—**—

Requiem.

A lonely kurrajong upon a hill
Of whisp'ring sand, that shifts and shifts
at will;
Of sweeping winds, that rattle thistles dry,
And make the grasses hiss in passing by—
It marks a grave. This steadfast watcher
keeps
A silent guard, where 'neath its shade there
sleeps
A friend . . . My friend, who saw with
me the plains
All scorched and cracked, the swift, torrential
rains
Which sweep the narrow creeks, and, roar-
ing, swirl
In frothy fury o'er their banks, to hurl
Their muddy waves in vain, against the tall,
Grey, gums that tower, immovable, o'er all.
We two have heard the high-pitched, sing-
ing roar
Of those same gums, when they have
swayed before.
The rushing wind. I seem to see again
The red dust devils whirling o'er the plain.
I see him watch with straining anxious
eyes

The roaring, pillared dust-storm rise and
rise
And redden all the sky and sun and earth—
A fearful messenger of drought and dearth.
I see him still. . . . My friend. . . .
This man and I
Have ridden through the water-courses dry,
Have seen the dying stock, the burnt-up
plains,
The sweeping storms, the sweet refreshing
rains,
The droughts, the floods, the days and
nights of life—
Real life—no city paint—a ceaseless strife
With Nature and the elements. . . . 'Tis
o'er.
Together we shall ride the plains no more.
He sleeps beneath the soil he loved the
best.
He sleeps amid the silence of the West,
Beneath a kurrajong upon a hill
Of whisp'ring sand, that shifts and shifts at
will
Of sweeping winds, that rattle thistles dry,
And make the grasses hiss in passing by.
—N.E.R.

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Correspondence.

(To the Editor, "Galmahra.")

Sir,—I would like to make a suggestion, through your worthy magazine, to the undergraduates, and it treats of Commemoration Day. Perhaps Commem. Day is the most important day of the University year—the day on which everybody has the same spirit and all are of one accord. The graduate is overjoyed in that he has finally paddled his canoe through the 'Varsity, and the undergrad is in high glee because he is free to do anything 'ad libitum'! In addition he tastes to a certain extent beforehand of the joy of graduating, when he celebrates the graduation "of those who stand before him."

Commem. Day is then the day of days when all the students should join in the "mad throng." There are some, however, in our midst who feel they cannot take as great a part in all of the proceedings as they would like to do. I refer particularly to the evening ceremonies. Etiquette demands certain requirements being fulfilled particularly as regards dress. Now there are a few at the University who feel debarred from going to the dinner and ball because they have not evening dress, and there are few misguided people who have such bad manners that they speak about this, and this hurts some sensitive natures with the result that they do not come to the commem. dinner. This state of affairs should not be. This University is, I think, the most democratic 'Varsity in the world, and I hope it will keep up this glorious reputation.

Therefore, Mr. Editor, I would suggest that Commem. Dinner and Dance should be a fancy dress gathering. This, I think, would be more in keeping with the other events of the day, and also it would leave no loophole for escape. It could then be an affair in which all the students could take part without the fear of offending somebody's taste or hurting (unconsciously though it may be) another's feelings. This no doubt will immediately cause some objections to arise in the minds of a few. "What will the graduates dress in?" or "What will the staff be robed in?" I

think these could easily be answered. In the case of the graduates there would be many who would gladly welcome the idea, as it would be quite a change to dress as "one of the motley throng," and to feel the same vim coursing through their beings as in their undergrad. days. As regards the staff, if they think it would not become their dignity or exalted position to take part in the fancy dress, well, let them wear the dress which they think becomes them. Could they not come bedecked with their majestic robes of office? We see many of their gay "togas" in the afternoon, and it would help along the brilliancy of the evening function if they also wore them then.

I want to state, Mr. Editor, that I have appreciated the way in which grievances can be aired in your columns, and also the readiness which you have shown in advocating fresh ideas. We are a young University, but we are progressive, and possibly if we take this step as advocated above, it may mean other Universities will follow our example, that is, if they have not already adopted the ideas as expressed above. The scheme formulated is worthy of all acceptance, and I would like to see it carried out. There is not a very long time to go till next Commem., and the question must, of course, be debated before our conservatives feel convinced it is not a rash undertaking on their part to carry this out.

Craving the pardon of the gods on the Editorial Staff for using up so much valuable space.—I am, etc.,

"SIR JESTER."

—o—

(To the Editor, "Galmahra.")

Sir,—May I, through the courtesy of your columns, enquire when the Queensland 'Varsity undergrad. is likely to come out of the chloroform? I know they are not all sick. My anxiety is for those who by their unfailing support, tireless efforts, and unremitting eagerness did so much to ensure that 1300 tickets for the recent

performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" remained unsold.

It is more than pitiable to see an apparently healthy body of people so ill. Do you think it will be very long ere he (or she) is able to sit up and take a little nourishment? I feel sure the first news of this would warrant a "Galmahra Gazette Extraordinary," which doubtless would be perused with avidity by many anxious friends. Apart from a few who were fortunate enough to escape the epidemic of "coma" so prevalent within our gates, the Dramatic Society has no debt of gratitude to the students to include amongst its other expenses. Some there may be who generously exclaim, "To Honolulu with the Dramatic Society." But on this occasion it was more than the Dramatic Society which received this apathetic benediction. It was a 'Varsity institution, just one tooth in the rake which is trying to

bring in sufficient money to erect a memorial to our comrades (we call them such, even though we may not have known them) who died gloriously in the Great War. If—advisedly if—the show wasn't worth the money, emphatically the object was. The capacity of the Theatre Royal is in the vicinity of 850, and the attendance for the **two** nights was only 600. The inference is that the excess of tickets printed over the seating accommodation is negligible. Whose fault is it that the maximum was not sold, To my mind, the Dramatic Society may thank those who lustily yell, "Semper floreat the 'Varsity"—and leave it at that.

Mr. Editor, I commend this to the right authorities. Next drought that happens along, let them open the veins of a few of a certain species of undergrad. Only a few, otherwise we'll have a flood.—I am, etc.,

"ENTHUSIAST."

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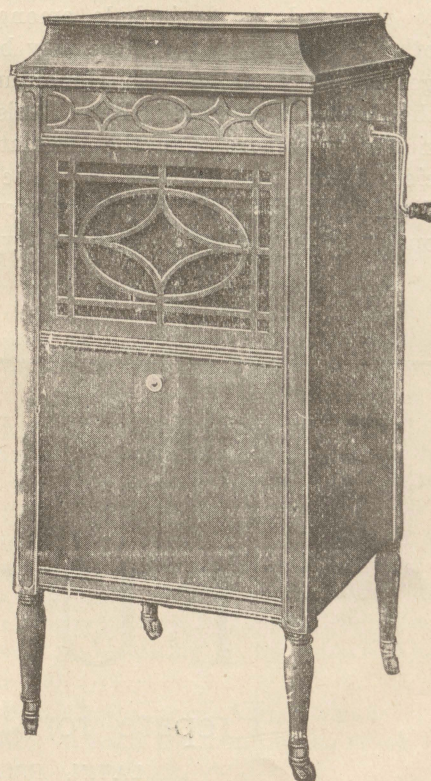
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THE UNDERGRADESS.

Spritely and happy she trips along—
Happy we say but we may be wrong.
Gown a-flowing and sometimes hair
In she goes to the lecturer's lair.

Books to her bosom she tightly clasps
Drops in a chair with resigned gasps—
Any old chair in the first few rows—
With a smile of greeting for those she knows.

Next she brings her pencil out.
The lead is broken; she gives a pout.
Looks for aid to her neighbour near
"I'm awfully sorry, I haven't one, dear."

"Mary, have you a pencil spare?
I've busted mine, I do declare."
"Sorry, dearest. I've only this pen."
Que faire? Que faire? Que faire? But then—

A blushing stude from the row behind
Offers his aid in a frenzied mind
"Excuse me, of pencils I have two;
One of the blighters might do for you."

The smile he gets is ample wage
For the effort it cost to get up his courage
"Oh, thanks so much," and she takes the lead
And leaves the stude with a whirling head.

Then in serenely walks the prof.,
"Last week," says he, "I was speaking of . . ."
My fair lady begins her scrawl
She gets the lot—or nearly all.

After the lecture's over and done
Up she jumps like a shot from a gun
Gathers her books to her bosom once more
And makes a line for the open door.

Out in the vestibule of the Main Hall,
Finds she a man, not bad looking and tall.
"Of all the darn lectures that ever I hate . . ."
As they wander outside for a short tete a tete.

The tete a tete lasts for a half-hour or so
Then she looks at her watch and says, "Oh,
I must go!"
His footsteps to hers he measures with skill,
And half-an-hour later they're talking there still.

Some of our graduates found their mistress,
In the Queensland 'Varsity Undergradess.
A toast to them, fellows. Long may they thrive
To keep an old 'Varsity truly alive!

"UNDERGRAD."

DANCE O' MANIA.

(Apologies to H. W. Longfellow.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As to a dance hall quickly passed
A youth, who spoke with lowered voice
Sweet nothings to her of his choice.
Let's dance some more.

So clinging tightly to his arm
And walking quickly to keep warm,
She timed her steps to his big feet
And echoed in her accents sweet
"Let's dance some more."

"Be not home late!" her old man warned
But this advice the couple scorned
The mid-night hour was close at hand
The fifteenth dance and a spanking band
"Let's dance some more!"

"O stay," the maiden cried, "O stop!
The horrid workings of the clock."
His collar limp, his tie awry
He answered, smiling, "By and By.
Let's dance some more."

In early hours as home they walked
They neither saw, nor heard, nor talked
Their thoughts all of the dance gone by
Until she murmured wearily—
"Let's dance some more."

"BOW-WOW."

LAMENT.

My sweetest sweet, the darling of my choice,
How often have I thrilled at thy soft voice.
The figure straight, thy form so round and fair
Responsive to my gentlest touch—but there.
Alas, no more art thou to bear me company,
Recumbent in my arms 'neath shady tree.
Nor when I tread the summer's springy turf,
The happiest of men upon this blessed earth,
For had I not thee ever by my side,
The envy of all eyes and mine own pride?
Ah! woe is me. A broken, bruised mass.
Gone is the beauty of thy shoulders and thy face
That once so charmed the hearts of all who saw,
As to exact allegiance, deathless, so they swore.
But now, how can I gaze on thee in death
That wert to me a thing of living breath.
Howe'er, thy end at last has come—and so that's that.
Thou were indeed a friend, my dear old cricket bat.

"SLIPS."

TYPES.

"My hands are cold," he said,
And looked into the night.
"Wear woollen gloves," she said,
"That ought to put you right."

"My hands are cold," he said,
And looked into her eyes.
Then her small hand found his,
And there it softly lies.

The pale moon and the stars,
Looked on from Heaven's vault,
Said Luna to herself,
The first was not his fault."

"BOW-WOW."

SHE—AGAIN.

He asked her for the dance, and she said
"Yes."
High hope and satisfaction in his breast did
swiftly grow.
For had not she at once replied with "Yes."
Who might with equal readiness have answered
"No."

Elated thus he took her in his arms and
danced.
An ecstasy of joy assailed his soul, lifting him
far above all mundane things;
And so through all the whirling throng they
danced until
The music stopped, and he released her from
his close embrace—
But she, without a word, ran off and left him
standing still.

Nor word nor look she gave him as she went,
He stared about, uncomprehending why he
should be thus dismissed,
Or rather, spurned.
But answer there came none, and so reluctant,
yet resigned,
Away he turned
And sought a far secluded spot, where he
might right the turmoil of his thoughts.

A cigarette most furiously he smoked,
And in the clouds of smoke he danced and
danced again.
Through those few moments of ecstatic bliss,
One thought alone assailed his fervid brain.
"What have I done to have deserved this?"

A sidelong glance.
Those eyes, with mischief twinkling in their
depths, are turned his way.
To her—small thing indeed it is to thus
ignore.
But to him whom she softly answered, "Yes."
That covert glance yet smarts the wound the
more.
His thoughts—mere words inadequate to tell,
And on the breeze there floats a muttered
"Hell!"

"HE."

MUSICAL MATRIMONY.

"Oh! for an hour with thee," she cried.
"My desert flower," he cooed.
"Mon Homme," she whispered lovingly.
"Cherie," her lover gooded.

The honeymoon was spent
"Upon Miami Shore."
'Neath tropic night and gentle breeze,
They whispered love by "Sleepy Seas."

From northern lands and tropic blows,
They came to "Where the lazy Mississippi
flows."

But he, alas!—a sad surprise—
Could only think of "Honolulu Eyes."

Then one day when they'd settled down,
She rushed to him—"Johnny's in Town!"
"You 'Laughing Vamp,'" he loudly groaned.
"Oh! By Jingo," she sadly moaned.

But now at last they live at rest
In the cutest "Little Grey Home in the West."
On "A Perfect Day" they may be seen
Under the shade of a "Chili Bean."

"BIMBO."

EINSTOUSH.

I say! Who's this chappie called Einstein?
What's he like? Does he wear a Jazz tie?
Does he say to his studes "Cumenava"
(Like our profs.) when his lecture gets "dry"?
And, when all's said and done, what's his
Theory?
Does it deal with Biology? Psych?
Our profs. all imagine each subject
Is Einstein's. (Believe what you like.)

Many scientists tell us that "Colours
Are only distinct in the eye."
Disbelieving, I wrote to Fac. Science.
Here's the tail-end of T.P.'s reply:—
". . . . My opinion that green isn't yellow
(and likewise
That black is not white),
You need not accept, my dear fellow,
Till we see whether Einstein is right."

When I read that I soon quitted Science
And proposed to let Arts have a say.
The question I put: "Had puellae
Silk Stockings in Cicero's day?"
Said Mikke: "Well, I can't say for certain;
It's a question I've tried but not solved.
But hunt up that treatise by Einstein—
'Flirty Flappers and How They're Evolved.'"

So you see how old —Stein butts his frame in
In the classico-physical world?
"Third time proves it"—I sought of the
Greasers,
"Just why is a corkscrew so curled?"
The Head Greaser said: "Well, I'll tell you;
I've no doubt I'll soon put you right.
— Since a screw's co-efficient of friction,
(Called by Ein—)"—Cripes, nurse! Good-
night!"

NECKOR.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS.

I dream of the mountains—the fair maid
Teresa;
I cannot find words to sufficiently praise her—
She has tapped in my heart such a fountain
of song,
That I hear her sweet voice in the old break-
fast gong.

From the pleasures of life I am never debarre,
Yet I'd like to swap places with bold Balda-
sarre,
Or even to purchase in some Santo depot,
Half-a-pound or an ounce of the chances
of Beppo.

I'd forgive her the moment with General
Malona
If I only could claim to right thoroughly own
her;
Sure I'd carry her off for my wild passion's
sake,
As well as the way she can toss a pancake.

Yes, she kept them in clover those brave
mountaineers
She sewed up their garments and carried
their beers.
No wonder they moped when it came for to
lose her—
For she had entered their hearts—what heart
could refuse her?

O Teresa Teresa, come back to me, do,
My heart is breaking and aching for you;
And it's poor consolation when the bright
stars above
Tell me ever so softly that "your life is love."

 POSTS IN MARCH.

Last April our aldermen, wielding their rights,
Exchanged all our "Kitsons" for overhead
lights.

Since then, poor old Beery—can't you hear
him bemoan?
(His accents through sorrow are harsh)
"How the (hic) doesh a cove know whish
shstreet ish his own?
He could count all hish poshts in Marsch."

In the opposite plight is the poor undergrad
Who's forgotten the action of starch
On a soft tennis-shirt—"I'm afraid, my dear
lad,"
(Says the Prof.), "you'll have Posts in March."

Then you have Mr. Caesar, of Julian name,
Who felt towards March—but we feel the
same!

"Cave Martias Idus"—to Caesar was told,
(With his car at his atrium arch).
These words have been changed in the years
that have rolled—
Now it's "Cave, the Posts of March."

—Neckor.

A DREAM OF CREATION.

(Respectfully dedicated to J.E.B.)

"Professor Lester Ward has made the as-
tounding discovery that the female element is
the dominant element of life, and that Adam
was invented by Eve for her own ends."—
"Daily Mail."

Without a doubt we've thought all wrong,
Up to this very day,
That Eve was made from man's fifth rib,
And man of humble clay.

Just think! th' insult we've offered Eve!
And Adam we've offended,
We've blamed the poor chap for all sin
And all the time pretended

But we, who're in the secret now,
Professor Ward and me;
We know who took the biggest bite,
And know who robbed the tree.

We knew that Eve was made the first
(Some say from common clay),
And then made man. Says Ward the Prof.
"It happened in this way."

"For Eve was feeling lonely
As she wandered in and out,
T'inspect her home in Eden that
We've heard so much about.

But soon the bright idea came,
To make herself a mate,
A creature for her beck and call
To fondle and—to rate.

Anon, her task was soon begun,
And so well it went on
That ere the morrow's sun, man was,
To vent her spite upon.

Though menial tasks his arm made strong,
He bowed to Eve's stern will
Yet fondly thought he was the race
(In fact, he does so still).

As years went by he swelled with pride,
And in importance grew,
'Tis yours to judge his place to-day,
It's nineteen twenty-two.

—BENO.

 LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Now I was a gentle stranger from a far and
distant land,
And she was a twist and twirl who could
easily understand
A kiss in the park or a hug in the dark,
Though they might be bad, of course—need
not be underhand.

We courted at length—yes, night by night—
her face I had never seen;

We dodged the lights, for you look such
frights—er-never mind—I mean
That we kept to ourselves like two little
elves;

Oh, two warm little elves, set snug in a ter-
race scene.

She had a boy in a far-off town, and I loved
a country lass,

But we both agreed, with a smile, that here
in the city's mass

It was foolish to mind—we two of a kind,

For they never would know of the hours I
spent with Cass.

O stars above!—they were devil's eyes—the
— headlights of that Ford;

They picked us out with dev'lish glee, and
flashed like a flaming sword—

'Twas she who blushed red, while my heart
stopped dead,

For I was her far-off Tom, and she was my
country Maud.



Australomania.

After having read two English and one
American novel in which references were
made to Australia and Australians, I am
writing in a condensed form what they
would term—

“A REAL AUSTRALIAN STORY.”

Chap. I.

Gertrude Gumtree stepped briskly out
on to the green couch grass of the home-
stead paddock and looked at the rising
sun, the trees, the horses, the cows, the
sheep, the fences, the mulga scrub, the
prickly pear, the kangaroos, the kooka-
burras, and other Australian things. In
the dim grey distance was a blacks' camp,
and here spear and boomerang-throwing
and cooroborree and cannibalism were go-
ing on.

“Cripes!” exclaimed Gertrude, “aint
it bonza!”

And then she went in again.

Chap. II.

George Gidgee sat in the saddle
astride his chestnut. He was holding the
bridle. He was bronzed, lean, tall, strong,
wiry, and looked a real Australian. He
saw Gertrude come out and go in again.

“‘Struth,” he said, “aint she bonza!”

Chap. III.

Gertrude was riding through the scrub
when it happened. A cockatoo screamed
and frightened the horse, which bolted.
On and on they sped, with Gertrude cling-
ing in terror to the pommel of the saddle!
Through the scrub they raced, and an
avenue of broken trees and vines was left
behind. Suddenly Gertrude thought, and
then she coo-eeed. She listened. Hark!

What is that? Another coo-ee comes ring-
ing back from the Gidgee run twenty
miles away. George had heard that won-
derful Australian bush cry. He raced for
the stockyard and jumped on the nearest
horse, without saddle or bridle. He no-
ticed afterwards that the horse was the
untamed, unbroken stallion that nobody
had ever before ridden. When he dis-
covered this he nearly fell off in fright;
but he was a brave man, and he raced
on into the scrub. He knew that the only
way to get to the girl was along the track
made by the horse. This he did, and he
soon neared the runaway. But he could
not get up alongside because of the scrub
on either side. What was he to do? His
Australian sense told him. He climbed
with difficulty out on to his horse's head
and sat, panting, for some time, between
his horse's ears. Then, with a mighty
leap, he grasped the tail of the girl's
horse. In a moment he was on its back,
and within an hour and ten minutes he
had it at a standstill.

Gertrude gazed into his eyes, said
“George,” and fainted—all in one breath.

Chap. IV.

“Wazzer matter withyer eye, George?”
asked the bar-tender of the Woolywoop
pub, as George tossed down his usual gal-
lon. (Australian bar-tenders always talk
in this manner).

“Missus give it ter me.”

“The girlyer savedorfther 'orse?”

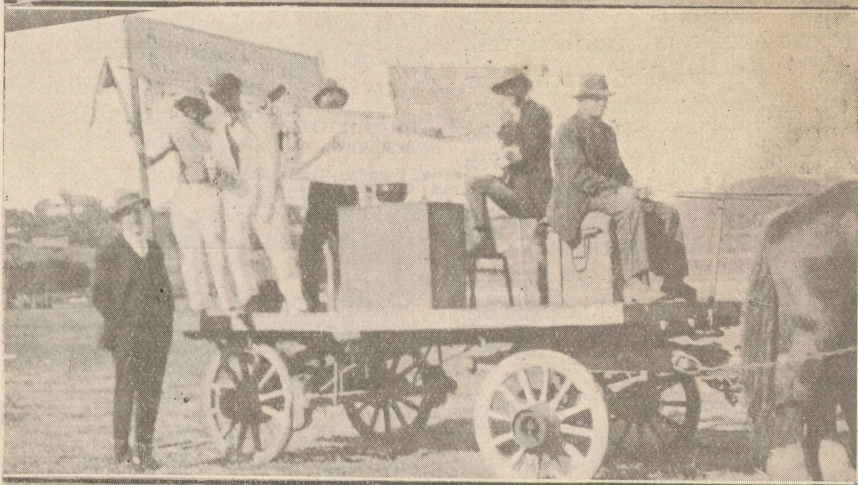
“Yes. I wish I'd letter go,” replied
George, and he drank another four gal-
lons. Then his horse took him home—
drunk. (All Australian horses do that).

—N.E.R.

COMMEM. SNAPSHOTS.



The Zoo that's not



The Prohibitionists

C.A. Gilmour
photo

Round the Colleges.



Second Term was notable for two events of prime importance—the annual dance in South Brisbane City Hall, and the reunion dinner in St. Martin's League rooms. Both functions passed off happily and merrily, the “*nunc est bibendum*” being almost as much appreciated as the “*nunc pede libero*.”

At the dinner, Mr. Freeman, President of the College, took the chair, and led a massed attack on an excellent dinner. To support him, Canon Batty, the Warden, Vice-Warden, and “Pasts and Presents,” all combined in an exceptionally fine effort. The college gastronome, who had trained specially for this course, failed to negotiate one hurdle, but finished well.

The various toasts supplied excuses for speeches, and many “bouquets” (metaphorical) were passed round. With the cessation of proceedings came an order to clear away the traces of revelry. An impromptu dance was then held, enjoyed by the disciples of both Martin and John.

Various old hands pay us an occasional visit, their frequent unexpectedness being due to the fact that our visiting hours are limited to twenty-four in twenty-four.

John's section of the 'Varsity “Eight” returned triumphant and intact from Adelaide; while he of the “bowler 'at,” with his Athletics confrere came home “wreathed in smiles.” Our sole representative with the Combined Universities' Team also came home in one piece, but disintegrated slightly the day after his arrival as a result of his collision with a “Bengal Tiger.”

The billiard tournament saw F. Yarad win the Warden's cue, with E. White as runner-up.

The Tennis Court has improved much, thanks to both paid and voluntary labour, especially the latter. It is now fit for tournament play.

One debate was held, at which many impossible arguments were discussed. The subjects chosen covered a wide range, from “Immortality” to “Are women constitutionally conservative?”

The dramatic influence has been felt severely this winter, several rehearsals of “The Camberley Triangle” taking place on the premises, and numerous over-the-fence colloquies with the stage manager. This gentleman supplied several out-of-work students with jobs on the nights of representation, and was of much assistance in providing inspiration for the Men's Club Fancy Dress Ball.

Certain plutocrats expended many shekels of silver on elaborate costumes, but the vast majority, by a judicious system of exchange evolved some quite novel creations. “Loud” wardrobes were much in evidence, and could be seen “jazzing” gaily throughout the evening.

Further “interesting” details of this noble institution are buried in the College archives. They will be resurrected next term, should there be any sign of a journalistic drought.



All college frivolities have apparently decreased with the temperature. As usual second term has so far been free from

midnight revels, and judging from present weather conditions the terrace will remain in disfavour for a considerable time to come. Even the ardour of Norm and Gordon seems to have been cooled off, for no longer is the tennis court molested at 6 a.m.

We all bade a fond farewell to our old prodigal, Freddy, who is now about to depart for a higher sphere. No longer need scientists wrangle over the transmutation of elements, for in room 12 we have evidence of trachyte, macoyella, and leucopteris being converted into holothurian, staphylococcus, and etenocephalus, all in the short space of 24 hours. Besides gaining the travelling scholarship, Fred also secured the gold medal. St. John's College, Cambridge, will be his future fossil-haunt. With him go our best wishes together with his ties and rocks.

No events in the Inter-College competition have taken place since our last communication. Football and rowing will, however, be decided in the near future, and this probably accounts for the frequent visits to the Pineapple Reserve and to the Bridge Reach. One of our members journeyed to Maoriland with the Australian Universities' Football Team. When the others arrived without Ferg. we feared we had lost him for ever, but he eventually turned up a day late, with the excuse that he had been delayed at the Hunter.

The first of a series of concerts has at last taken place, and was attended with considerable success, which we hope is a favourable augury to future ones. The same evening saw our Common Room receive its baptism of fire. A feature of the concert was the previously undiscovered precocity and versatility of one of our theologs., who played a very worthy Cassius in rescuing Caesar from the flood. The fair ones present must have turned the head of our dear Townsville child, for his part as the simple rustic was too realistic to be assumed. (By the way, why the prolonged applause for the violin solo, Joe?)

As we anticipated, our two greaser grads scored creditably in the Honours

List. Congrats. to Jigger and John. June contains John quite safely, but the C.E.L. is too close to Brisbane for one who has lately been initiated into the lore of jazz.



The end of second term finds us still alive—there are some who are even thinking of beginning to work. This term has been remarkable for the speed with which the weeks have flown by, and gentle zephyrs, the forecast of that phenomenon known as getting the "breeze up," have been making themselves felt at times.

Tennis parties continue to be fashionable and occupy a great many Saturdays. Conversations over the fence seem to be achieving great popularity, probably due to the fact that the persons inside the fence are of the gentler sex.

The result of the intercollege matches resulted in our being placed third in tennis. We were defeated by both King's and John's, although an excellent fight was put up in both cases. In football scarcity of numbers prevented us from entering a team, while in rowing the members have been in training for some time, and although unable to take part this year, will be ready next year.

Prayers continue to be very popular, and this may be seen readily from the fact that in July "Taxi" admitted that he preferred the shower first, prayers second. At any rate, a roll had to be made up to count the attendances of all the inhabitants.

We have had several reminders from "Taxi" Mayes, who is doing third year Med. in Sydney. He wishes to be remembered to all friends at college and

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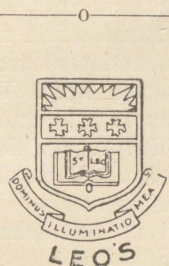
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at the Varsity. We are glad to note that Rob. Barbour, our Rhodes scholar, has been selected to represent Oxford in tennis against Cambridge.

Thus the year flies past and soon will come the time for those unnecessary evils known as exams. Of these some more anon!



"We've shared our peril, we've shared our sport,
Our sunshine and gloomy weather,
Feasted and flirted, and fenced and fought,
Struggled and toiled together."

Were words appearing in the first issue of the "Leonian." Times have changed, new men have displaced the old, but that same communistic atmosphere remains in the place "where the laws of possession are scanty" and the words "mine" and "thine" forgotten.

This term we welcome six new members in J. Davidson, Ray O'Hara, three cats and a dog. Bernie most unselfishly devotes much time to amusing the latter and Lyle and Quinine have joined the "Kindness to Animals League."

We take this opportunity of congratulating John's on their athletic victory. We also administer a particularly hard slap on the back to the four Leonians, viz: J. Vidulich, H. McCaughey, J. Allman, J. Lynam, who accompanied the Australian Universities' Football Team on its recent New Zealand Tour. All prophecies proved incorrect—the Maoris did not claim Herb. as their king, nor did any dusky maiden insist on returning with our warriors. Offence was given to all the young "Romeos" present by Herb's announcement that he had met the prettiest girl, etc." The Rector formally welcomed the tourists at a dinner given in their honour.

Our Rector of last year, Father Barry, spent a few days with us during term. He resides at Stanthorpe and still occasionally takes the whistle and controls a desperate inter-city scrimmage.

Speaking about scrimmages reminds me that the "noble art of self-defence" has attracted many enthusiastic devotees here of late. Twice a week, under the capable tuition of Mr. B. Palmer, the air is filled with "left crosses", "kidney punches", "rights", "hooks", and "sleeping lefts," much to the amusement of the spectators and the discomfiture of the participants.

Although the members of the upper floor thought they had sufficient bathrooms, the winter has dispelled the illusion. It has been proved conclusively that it is impossible for all members to enjoy a cold bath between the hours of 8—10 and 8—15. Many have most unselfishly sacrificed themselves "pro bono publico" and by sheer will-power refrain from the showers. Vale.



Alas! there seems to be little to write about this term, as most of the things in which we have taken part will be recorded elsewhere in the Mag.

We have managed to beat the rest of the Varsity at hockey by 2 goals to 1; and we congratulate ourselves on winning the relay race against the Rest at the athletic sports held last term. Be it noted, also, that the winners of the high jump and of the 100yds. were Collegians. But the Rest have proved superior in debating. A novelty introduced this year was a challenge debate, Women's College versus Rest of Varsity. The points were 219 to 203 in favour of the Rest.

We acknowledge with thanks the donations of Marion Shipley and Phyllis Cherry to the Social Club; and a book presented to the library by Miss Dawson.

TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE.

Our gradually diminishing band still pursues the even tenour of its way, disturbed only by the weekly horror of the criticism lesson. Many and wonderful are the items of information we have impressed upon the youth of Brisbane, the varied topics including dissertations upon the virtues of the "Village Blacksmith," the life-habits of the mosquito, and the inner workings of our digestive organs. Surely variety is the spice of life!

But did I say that nothing happens to disturb our peaceful band? Why, in three weeks' time we are contemplating an upheaval. We are to abandon the secluded cloisters of our present abode, with all its

soothing harmonies coming from trains, trams, and school-children, and remove our belongings to the old Trades Hall in Turbot Street. Decidedly a step upward for us—it's a whole street further up the hill!

There is one item of news which we are proud to recall—our sixteen junior scholarship-holders have justified the existence of the new classification scheme by budding forth as assistant teachers, without one failure among them. Well done, Juniors! Our own fate is much more uncertain, and the devotees of Samsonian music and antiquated needlework tremble when they allow themselves to think of the impending results. But whatever happens, 'tis the will of Allah!



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The Reapers.

The golden cornfields proudly wave their
heads to sky above,
The hill-tops gleam with dawn's effulgent
light,
The earth awakens from her dewy bed,
And all the world sings Life.

Alas! Life's triumph is shortlived.
Soon comes the reaper with his sickle bright,
And bends those proudly-waving heads be-
neath his might.
Thus, too, comes Death.
The ruthless reaper who must all destroy.
What's man to him? Naught but a toy.

Despite the seasons, time or day,
He holds his course, bends to his sway
The souls of all,
And with one long embracing sweep
Gathers his harvest full.

The reapers have passed on, their work com-
plete.
Black Night enfolds the earth with chilly
breath.
But harvesting of souls can never cease,
And all the world sighs "Death!"

—"Harvester."



To Two Friends.

Between the realms of fact and broken
dreams
A wand'rer sometime chanced upon a vale
Where spangled arches bridged the whisper-
ing streams
And moonlight won the song of nightingale.
And far from all the raucous cries of hate
That speak a world of little men, he stood
To great two comrades by a garden gate
And worship at the feet of Womanhood.

And I should die and seek beyond the West
The truth we mortals ever doubt on earth,
How lighter-hearted I should start upon the
quest

If one or both of you should praise my worth.

Not that the humble value of this clay
Half merits passing words of praise or blame,
But that a stranger, hearing you, could say,
"Theirs was a friendship worthy of the name."

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Our Societies.

UNIVERSITY UNION.

The Union has had a good deal to do during the past term, but matters are now in some sort of order, and it is hoped that next year they will go straight ahead.

Commem. Day was a great success. The apathy that was noticeable a few weeks before gave way to a real Commem. spirit, and everyone worked together and enthusiastically. The procession was good; the afternoon ceremony was far the best we have had; and everyone enjoyed the dinner and the dance. The presence of the staff was a very pleasant addition to the evening celebrations.

The Constituent Clubs have all been active, as their reports show. The Dramatic Society particularly is to be congratulated on their fine performance, the most finished they have yet given. It is rather disheartening that Union members did not support this Society by their presence in greater numbers. All members become automatically members of Constituent Clubs, and should be interested in their work.

On July 19th the Union gave an evening in the Men's Common Room in order to wish Mr. Burton luck in his Oxford adventure. At supper the President briefly conveyed the good wishes of the Union, and made a presentation to Mr. Burton, who grinned upon us for the last time. The rest of the night was devoted to the joyous jazz.

The Union Ball is to be held on August 2nd in the South Brisbane City Hall. The Council made heroic efforts to find a larger place, but Brisbane seems to have no suitable rooms for a big dance. The invitations have therefore been limited; and it is hoped that this ball will not fall behind its predecessors in anything but size.

The book of Australian University verse is to be published shortly, price half-a-crown. The Council have undertaken to dispose of fifty copies. Members interested should make early application, as the edition is a limited one. It will be re-

membered that this book is to contain the best of the poems from our own men, including Lindsay, Jones, and Partridge.

Financially the Union is on a sound basis, though the eternal question of subscriptions is where it always was. The unfortunate treasurer has to hound unfinancial members long after all subscriptions should have been paid. The Constitution is to be reconsidered once again, and any suggestion, particularly from members no longer attending lectures, will be welcomed. An attempt will be made to have the subscription made compulsory for students.

Mr. Cramb has been appointed to look after the financial side of the Union, which was getting too much for a student to handle. The advantages of a permanent official, always available, will be obvious, and have already been appreciated by the Council.

Finally, let it be stressed again and again that the Union is only what its members make it; and let every member feel that it is his (or her) union, and try and help the Council in their efforts to cultivate a union spirit and to advance the interests of all members of the University.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY NOTES.

The performances of "The Camberley Triangle" and "Pygmalion and Galatea" on June 30th and July 1st by the above society turned out to be an histrionic success. The acting, as stated in several of the press notices, was deserving of a better audience. As a matter of fact the total attendance was just a little over 600, which is very unsatisfactory considering the object for which the funds were to be devoted. These productions of the society are quite part of the big University Union activities, and should be therefore assisted much more materially by the members of the Union.

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coach, Miss Sisley, and our producer, Mr. J. J. Stable, who with the assistance of Mr. A. N. Falk as stage manager, cannot be given sufficient credit for the work. The thanks of the Society are due to the generous assistance of the undergrads and undergradesses, who helped as stagehands, ushers, and sweet-sellers, with particular mention of Mr. V. E. G. Harris, who as house manager kept efficient control of the front of the house on the nights of production.

The casts were as follows:—

“The Camberley Triangle”:—

Kate Camberley—Miss G. Spurgin.

Dennis Camberley—Mr. J. D. Fryer.

Cyril Norwood—Mr. N. E. Raymond.

“Pygmalion and Galatea”:—

Statue Galatea—Miss D. Bleakley.

Galatea—Miss M. MacGregor.

Cynisca—Miss M. Robertson.

Daphne—Miss N. Hutchinson.

Myrine—Miss I. Bartholomew.

Pygmalion—Mr. T. H. C. Townsend.

Chrysos—Mr. N. Bennett.

Leucippus—Mr. D. Henderson.

Mimos—Mr. F. Bennett.

Agesimos—Mr. A. Clappison.

The Society intends to conduct readings of several plays in order to choose one suitable for next year's production, and all members of the Union who wish to become active members should come along and take part in these readings.

MUSICAL SOCIETY NOTES.

The end of the second term finds us very much awake and in active preparation for our next concert.

Since the last issue of “Galmahra,” our first concert has taken place, and proved of distinct value to everyone concerned. The Union reaped a “divi,” the members had the pleasure of performing well, and our conductor was pleased. We have also heard various favourable opinions from various members of the audience. The members of the society are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm and the success which attended their efforts.

Our next concert will be given about the middle of third term. We would urge members of the University to support the society both by their membership and by attendance at the concerts.

We wish to bring to the notice of all that new members will be made welcome at 5 p.m. on Wednesday afternoons in the Men's Common Room, sopranos and tenors especially required.

DEBATING SOCIETY NOTES.

It has been said that “conference maketh a ready man,” and early in the first term the students endorsed this statement by reviving the Debating Society, and by striving to emulate last year's activities.

Unfortunately, the Society has been deprived of the services of two stalwarts in Messrs. Stephensen and Crane, who are exercising their oratorical powers in Ipswich and Mt. Morgan respectively, in an endeavour to amuse and instruct the younger generation.

The students have loyally patronised their Society, and the debates have provided variety in subject matter, speakers, and temperaments. Many “blooming” speakers, who have hitherto “blushed unseen” (we dare not say where) on being brought into the light showed flashes of Ciceronian brilliance, speaking their speech “tripingly on the tongue . . . suiting the action to the word, the word to the action . . . o'erstepping not the modesty of nature.”

A challenge debate was held at the beginning of second term between the Women's College and the University. The challengers, who are very active supporters of the society, fielded a strong team in Misses Penny, Wallace, Yates, and Brown, but on the capable adjudication of Mr. J. J. Stable were defeated by a narrow margin. Miss P. Fullarton and Messrs. Barry, White, and Cooper comprised the home team.

An Impromptu Speaking evening provided variety and amusement. The lack of wisdom in the numerous speeches was atoned for by the abundance of humour

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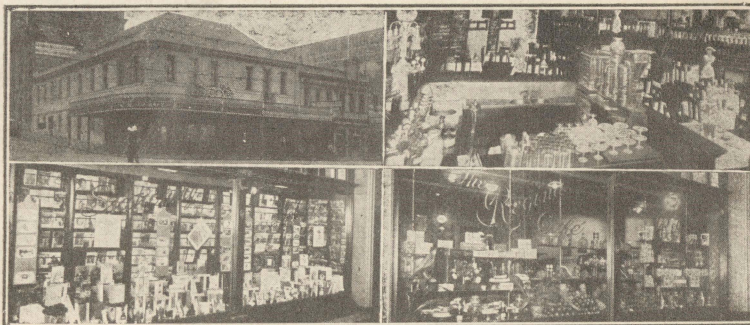
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therein and the non-expectant mental attitude of the assembled multitude.

An inter-Faculty Debate is brewing, but the crisis has not yet arrived. It is rumoured that the Faculty of Arts will demonstrate the impotency of the garrulousness of the remaining Faculties.

The following is a list of the subjects which have been debated up to the time of writing:—

(1) "That University training is of no benefit in after life."

Speakers.—Affirmative.—Mr. T. M. Barry, Miss Brown, Mr. A. Cooper. Negative.—Miss L. Penny, Mr. W. Ahern, Mr. R. Hall.

(2) "That the inventions of modern science have not increased human happiness."

Speakers.—Affirmative.—Miss Yates, Mr. N. Raymond, Mr. L. D. Watson. Negative.—Mr. A. Ruddell, Miss G. Horton, Mr. J. Barry.

(3) "That art unions, as a means of assisting charities, are undesirable."

Speakers.—Affirmative.—Miss Brown, Mr. G. McCaughey, Miss P. Fullarton. Negative.—Mr. T. Simpson, Miss J. Wallace, Mr. E. White.

(4) "That women should be given equal chances with men in all walks of life."

Speakers.—Affirmative.—Miss P. Fullarton, Mr. T. M. Barry, Mr. N. Bennett. Negative.—Mr. R. Cooper, Miss J. Wallace, Mr. A. Horner.

(5) "That competition has a demoralising effect on the character."

Challenge debate, Women's College v. University.

(6) "That the production of sugar in Australia can best be developed by co-operative white labour."

Speakers.—Affirmative.—Mr. J. Barry, Mr. A. Hertzberg, Mr. J. Dickson. Negative.—Mr. N. Bennett, Mr. R. Duus, Mr. N. Raymond.

The inter-Varsity debates are booked for the week commencing on August 14th. In all probability five Universities will compete, viz., Adelaide, Tasmania, Melbourne, Sydney, and Queensland.

May the shades of Burke, Cicero, and Demosthenes hover near the Bananalanders.

WOMEN'S CLUB.

The second social function was held in the Main Hall on May 6th. The evening, from the committee's point of view, was fairly successful; but we are sorry that some of the undergrads. regard this function as a "dud show." We would be glad of suggestions for its improvement.

The date of the evening given for women only is Sept. 1st, and will take the form of a debate.

A letter has been received from the National Council of Women asking for articles on women's work (either Australasian or foreign) for publication in country papers. The secretary will be glad to receive any such articles from members of the club.

MEN'S CLUB NOTES.

After having welcomed the freshers into its midst in March, the Men's Club, as a body, retired into seclusion, and for many weeks dozed very comfortably. At the beginning of the second term, however, it awoke and stretched itself and said "On the evening of the 8th July we shall have a Fancy Dress Dance," and retired to repose again. Fortunately, it was aroused on the appointed day by the pattering of the rain, and in spite of the fact that it continued to rain like—er, like anything all day, a large number of members paddled along to entertain an equal number of adventurous spirits from among the women. Under the circumstances the only two possible courses of action were, either to burst into tears or to have a wildly enjoyable time. Any who burst must have done so behind their masks.

In June Mr. R. Mundell was elected to the committee, vice Mr. P. R. Stephensen, resigned.

The Annual General Meeting for the election of officers, etc., will be held early next term.



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QUEENSLAND UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN UNION.

Second term has so far been one of few activities on the part of the C.U., but in the near future we propose holding an Auction Sale at the University, and later on a Jumble Sale at St. Andrews's Hall, to be organised by Miss Walker. This latter is to take place on July 31st, and the executive will be pleased to receive gifts of any and every description that may help to swell the proceeds of the sale.

We have had an enjoyable and beneficial visit from Mr. Robinson, who was just on his way back from the China Conference of the Student Federation. Thus we got quite a lot of first-hand in-

formation concerning the work of the movement in other countries, and how widespread the movement is throughout the world.

The addresses for the term have proved very interesting, some of the speakers being Hon. E. W. H. Fowles, Rev. J. S. Needham, and Rev. F. E. Maynard.

We were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Rev. Needham, who has lately been appointed Chairman of the Australian Board of Missions in Sydney. He has been a great help to us in many ways, and we strongly regret losing him.

The present cabinet of the C.U. goes out of office at the end of this term, and we wish the incoming one every success in the coming year.



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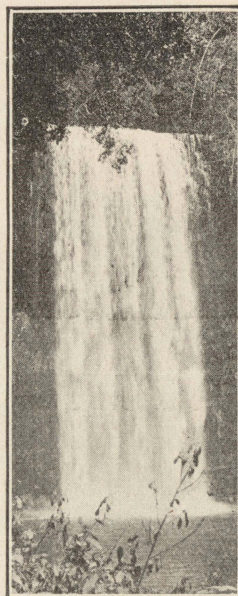
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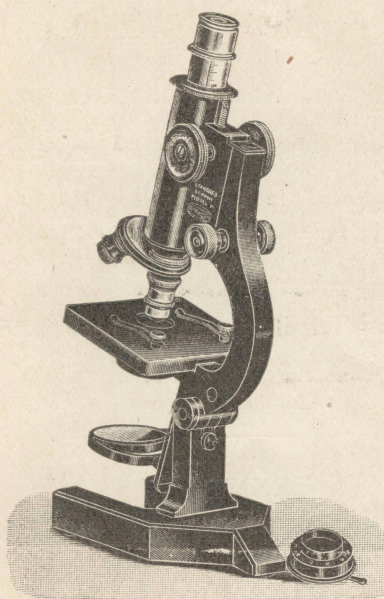
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'Varsity Sport.

FOOTBALL.

The first round of the Metropolitan Rugby League Fixtures has just been completed, and out of five matches played we were only successful in obtaining one victory. We went down to Brothers, Coorparoo, and Valley in very evenly-contested matches, but Suburbs scored a walk-over against a much weakened team.

Six of our members toured New Zealand with the Australian Universities' Football Team. Four matches were played, the three principal contests being against representative and Auckland teams. The 'Varsity men won the rubber, being defeated only in the fourth match. All the Queenslanders played in at least one game, and did well, while G. Fisher

played in the three main contests. In Sydney, on July 5th, the tourists met a metropolitan team, which included several Kangaroos. The 'Varsity reps. led until the last five minutes, when their opponents scored, making the final points 34—31. The tour was a financial success, the expenditure of £750 being met.

The Inter-'Varsity match has been fixed for August 7th, and will this year be played in Sydney.

TENNIS.

Except for the tournament, which is going very smoothly, the Tennis Club is inactive. A team was entered in the Milton fixtures, but after two or three matches

COMMEN. SNAPSHOTS.



The Accident to Mr Hughes in Tableau



The "Profiteers"

had been played, two members left "town," and their places could not be filled. And so the team withdrew. Also, as six wealthy citizens were not forthcoming, we were forced to decline Adelaide's invitation to Inter-'Varsity Tennis last May.

One of the staff "courts" is rolled and marked for the use of students, but its extreme irregularity of surface tends to deaden enthusiasm. However, we hope that before next year, with the financial aid of the Sports Union, one at least of the courts can be top-dressed.

A successful benefit was arranged at Town Topics during First Term, and the Club became financial for a time.

We would congratulate King's on their victory in Inter-College Tennis.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

At the annual Inter-'Varsity athletic contests this year we kept up our old reputation of gaining **one** point; but we are

still hopeful that this record will be exceeded at some meeting in the near future. We wish to congratulate Mr. Roberts and Mr. Hall on being chosen to represent us in Adelaide, and Mr. Roberts especially, who ran second in the 440 yards championship.

A full blue has been awarded to Mr. Roberts, and a half-blue to Mr. Hall. Perhaps we will be financial enough to send a full team to compete for us in a few years; at any rate we will hope for the best.

HOCKEY CLUB.

This term the Hockey Club has given up its time to the playing of association matches, but unfortunately we have no victory to record. These matches are certainly very good practice, and we are pleased to say that they have done much to improve both "wind" and fleetness of foot.

This term has also witnessed a challenge match—College v. the Rest of the

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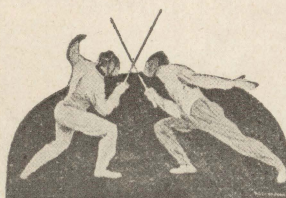
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'Varsity, which resulted in a win for the former by three points to two. Congratulations, College! In a few weeks' time, the A team will be proceeding to Melbodrne for the Inter-'Varsity contests. Apart from the Wednesday practices and the Saturday matches, there seems to be no time when the whole team is available for practice. Perhaps it is worth suggesting that three or even two members should get together and practice passing and shooting. This certainly could do no harm, and on the other hand may be well worth while.

BOAT CLUB NOTES.

The only event that has taken place since last issue has been the Inter-'Varsity race, which is described elsewhere. In connection with this race we have to sincerely thank those gentlemen who so kindly helped us financially. About £20 is still needed, and if anybody feels that they would like to send along a subscription, the same will be gratefully received by the secretary.

The Lady Coxswains' Regatta will be held early next term; the ladies are requested to get plenty of practice in the meantime. Messrs. Holdaway and Dowrie will hold a class in the vestibule any time it is desired.

CRICKET CLUB NOTES.

Since last issue of the Magazine the Club has been deprived of its secretary (J. E. Biggs), who has gone North, and during the coming season will play on concrete wickets.

Before these notes are published the annual meeting will have been held. The new committee will have very great difficulty in keeping the various teams going during the long vacation; and it will assist them very materially if all the people who wish to play cricket this year will provide the secretary with their addresses during the vacation, and also notify him as to when they will be available.

INTER-COLLEGE SPORT.

Up to the time of writing only two events—tennis and athletics—have been decided, and the results of these leaves the final result very open, as football, rowing, and cricket have still to be decided.

In tennis King's defeated John's, Emmanuel, and Leo's, while John's defeated Emmanuel and Leo's, losing to King's; Emmanuel defeated Leo's.

In athletics John's filled the leading position, while Leo's were runners-up.

In football only one match has been decided, that between King's and Leo's, which was won by Leo's by four points to three.

On the 26th August an innovation in 'Varsity sport will be introduced, when the first match for the Baxter Cup will be played, namely, the Combined Colleges v. 'Varsity football match.

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Personalialia.

A column such as this can afford infinite pleasure and amusement to all members of the University. By "all members" we would refer to "past," no less than "present." It is also obvious that certain information must come to the Editors before they dare attempt to amuse and please. This information cannot be obtained unless all readers do their best to furnish "copy." The Editors cannot write personal notes to all their subscribers, but subscribers can furnish material for the "Personalialia stock-pot." Therefore we beg that you—all of you and each one of you—will make an attempt to inform us as to the whereabouts, leading interests, etc., of your University friends, who are now beyond the University walls, but still under Her influence.

This introduction finished, we shall deal with the meagre—but none the less in-

teresting supply of information at our disposal.

* * *

To the following, heartiest congratulations on their successful "liaison" with Cupid—the marksman!

Miss Thelma Ruddell and Mr. G. H. Jenks.

Miss Florence Bouchan and Mr. G. Beekman.

Miss Flora Noble and Mr. Freddy James.

Miss E. Gainford and Mr. Byron Watkins.

Miss V. Haines and Mr. T. G. Jones.

To those who have completed their courtship, and have begun the life:—

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COMMEM. SNAPSHOTS.



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Beauty and the Beast

Belle Aldridge. (We regret the names of the "mere men" were not available.)

Congratulations once more—to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hirst—a daughter.

After all that excitement, we venture on something more restful.

Elinor Byth has taken a trip to England with her parents. Herbert Byth and "Tie" Dancer have joined forces with Freddy Jones at C.E.G.S., Sydney. Tony Smith and the Cranes' are installed in Mount Morgan. The High School gives them occupations. Marjorie Dawson is at Toorak College, Melbourne, while Winnie Harrison goes to Warwick Presbyterian Ladies' College after Midwinter.

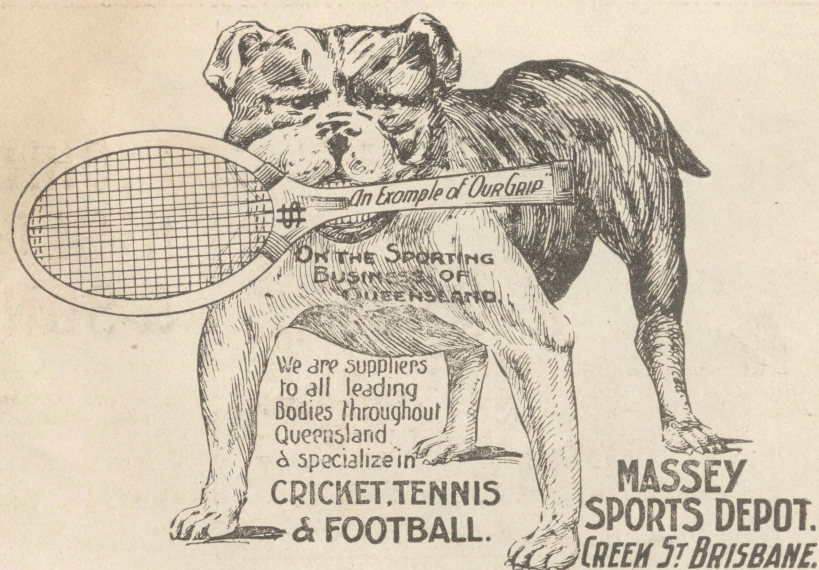
"Gard" Pardoe leaves for England in August, which month sees "Jersey" Burton also en route for Oxford. Freddy Whitehouse has departed this city some weeks. He will "dig in" at John's, Cambridge.

Margery Smith has a Diploma in Education, London, and practises in that city. Mrs. Weston goes to Brisbane Girls' Grammar.

Mr. S. W. Pennyquick writes from Adelaide University (where he is now Lecturer in Physical Chemistry) wishing the magazine every success. He saw the crew win the 'Varsity Boat Race, and says they rowed well and deserved their victory.

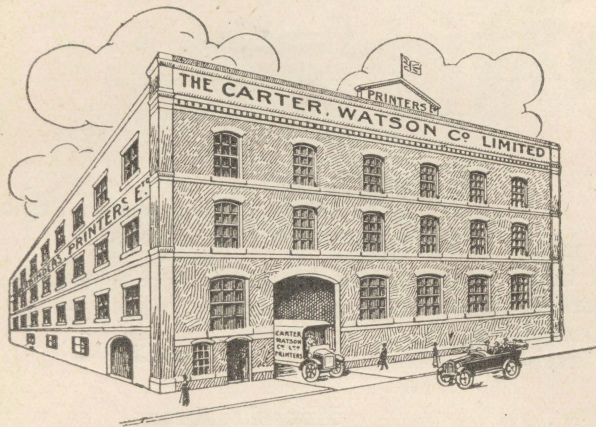
Ken. Fraser is now in Brisbane enjoying himself at dances and theatres and incidentally doing a little bit of work to justify the initials which he now carries after his name.

Josh Biggs is now among the Bolsheviks at Innisfail. He is working at the Central Sugar Mill, and in his spare time is teaching the cockies (and their daughters) to jazz and play tennis.



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S. BRISBANE.

Gipsy Fever.

Once every year the gipsies come
In caravans to town,
And make their camp not far away,
Just where the road dips down.

I watched them moving from the hill
Around their camp-fire bright.
I listen as they dance and sing
Far, far into the night.

The women all have shining coins
Fixed in their coal-black hair,
And gay red shawls. I wish that I
Had things like that to wear.

There's gipsy blood in me I'm sure
And one day soon I know
The gipsies won't leave here alone:
I'll simply have to go.

—Q.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| "London Mercury." | "Ipswich Grammar School Magazine." |
| "Black Swan" (U. of W. Australia). | "The King's School Magazine." |
| "Gryphon" (Leeds University). | "The Newingtonian." |
| "Hermes" (Sydney University). | "The Condaminian." |
| "Melbourne University Magazine." | "The Southportonian." |
| "University College Hospital." | "The Melburnian." |
| "St. Peter's College Magazine." | "The Sydneian." |
| "Brisbane Grammar School Magazine." | "Toowoomba Grammar School Magazine." |

... Ex ...



Cathedral.

Clubs and Societies.

We cannot conceive of anything more mulish and obstinate at the 'Varsity than the "average" secretary of a sporting or social club. Here most of you smile knowingly—you feel you are not "average." Quite right, you're not!!

Now for some plain speech. Copy for next issue of "Galmahra" must be in the Editor's hands **not later than September 13th**. You will deliver your "copy" per medium of your Union Secretary.

College Secretaries also note this date as your "final day of acceptance." You will hand your notes to the Editor, or to one of the Magazine Committee.

It is imperative that these notes be in "up to time." By doing so you clear your mind of a grave responsibility, and sink back with a pleasant sensation of having succeeded in a good work. You also assist the Editors by giving them material to work on before the bulk of general copy comes in.

Another point. One misguided enthusiast gave his notes for this issue—in

pencil! The scrawl was never too legible—and there were other faults!!

The closing date for voluntary copy is September 16th. God grant you be in time!!

* * *

Mitchell Library.

The following numbers are required to complete the Queensland University Magazine files in the above Library:—

April, 1918; April, 1919; and October, 1919.

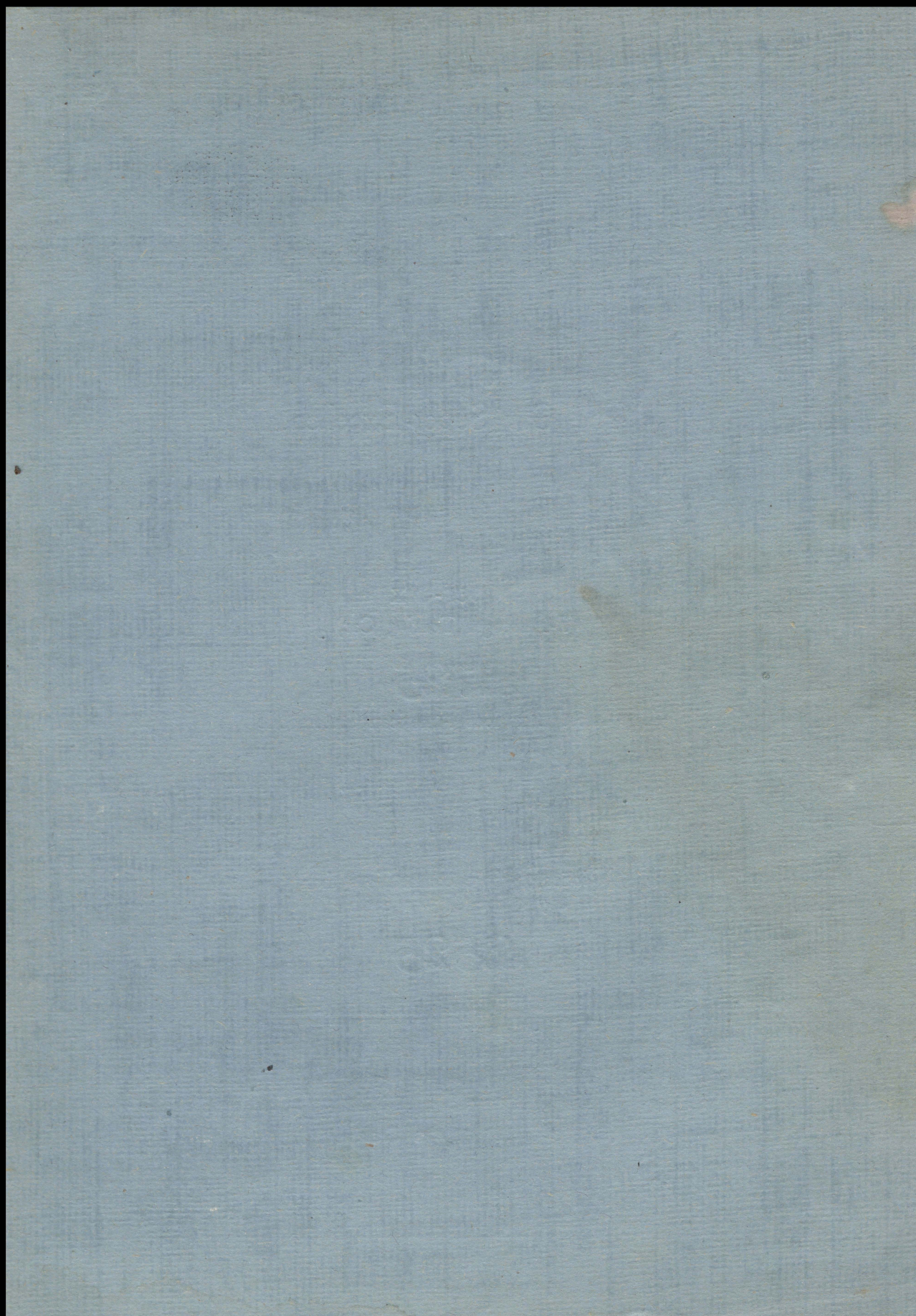
As the Magazine Committee have none of these we would be much obliged if any person could let us have a spare copy to send to the Library, which keeps copies of all Australian printed books and magazines.

* * *

Financial.

As the Magazine Committee now possesses no Banking Account, it is imperative that all cheques, money orders, and postal notes be made payable to "The Treasurer, University of Queensland Union." Subscribers, please note.





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